

THE GETAWAY

extrey! extrey! ♦ the official dying industry at ocho cinco college ♦ www.thegetawayonline.ca ♦ put tomorrow's date here or else we'll look dumb

WAR! CAMPUS RAVAGED BY GIANT WOMAN

Thousands feared dead after white males tried in vain to stop Monday's rampage

TRENT STEELFACE
Senior womanizer
DIRK DICKROCK
Junior womanizer

Men at the University of Alberta have been forced into hiding as a campus-wide attack, led by a mysterious and nature-defying 50-foot woman, has begun to decimate the male student population through a series of mob crushings.

The outbreak began late Saturday night, as an explosion rocked the genetics lab of the Biological Sciences building.

Minutes later, a leviathan lady rose from the wreckage and began stomping her way across campus, with cries of "Die, male pigs!" and "Does this shirt make me look fat?" echoing behind her.

Female students, inspired by her can-do attitude and tasteful pumps, have rallied to the giant's feminist cause.

"We've been walked all over too long — well, I haven't because I'm totally huge, but metaphorically!" she shouted over campus, only moments after tearing the roof from ETLC, targeting engineers as being "mostly guys, anyway."

"We won't rest until the government institutes harsher penalties for those who pee on toilet seats, a 360YY brassiere to support our colossal leader, and monthly campus-wide lingerie slumber parties. Oh, and equal salary rights if there's time before *True Blood*," one of the female supporters cried.

In a show of protest, the angry mob of maidens attempted to raze the male-centric Engineering

building to the ground. Due to a navigational error, they accidentally torched the Women's Studies department, in Assiniboia Hall. When asked about this, mob leader Pimento Snook tossed her hair and giggled "Oh, you know how we women are with directions."

Despite their penises, several men have also joined the feminist mob, dismembering anyone unwilling to bend to the will of their master "Giganto-she-girl," as they've come to know the amazon.

"I warned everyone this would happen," Deryl Foredick, a self-professed "prophet of the she-rising," said.

"No one listened to me, but now it's finally happening — AGH!" Foredick was suddenly cut off as his displeased overlord's foot came down on him, crushing him to a fine paste beneath an immaculate size-72 stiletto heel.

So far the only weakness the terrifying women have found is the presence of white males, who confuse and stun them with their bland appeal and nonthreatening charm. U of A President and leader of the White Male Advocacy Party Omrika Zandamenska has sent out a distress call to the Caucasians of the world. Few have responded.

Undaunted, the president has announced plans to wage chemical warfare on the estrogen centres of the "cliterati," as the mob of educated females are calling themselves. "We'll be mobilizing an Estrogen Response Team, or an ESRT, as we're calling it," she noted.

"This'll show these damn women who this University really belongs to: the rabbits."



TEXAS RANGER (DECEASED)

WHAT A HUGE TWAT! The giant woman (pictured) caused an estimated \$400 million in damage to the U of A campus.

‘Birthers’ argue president unfit for office

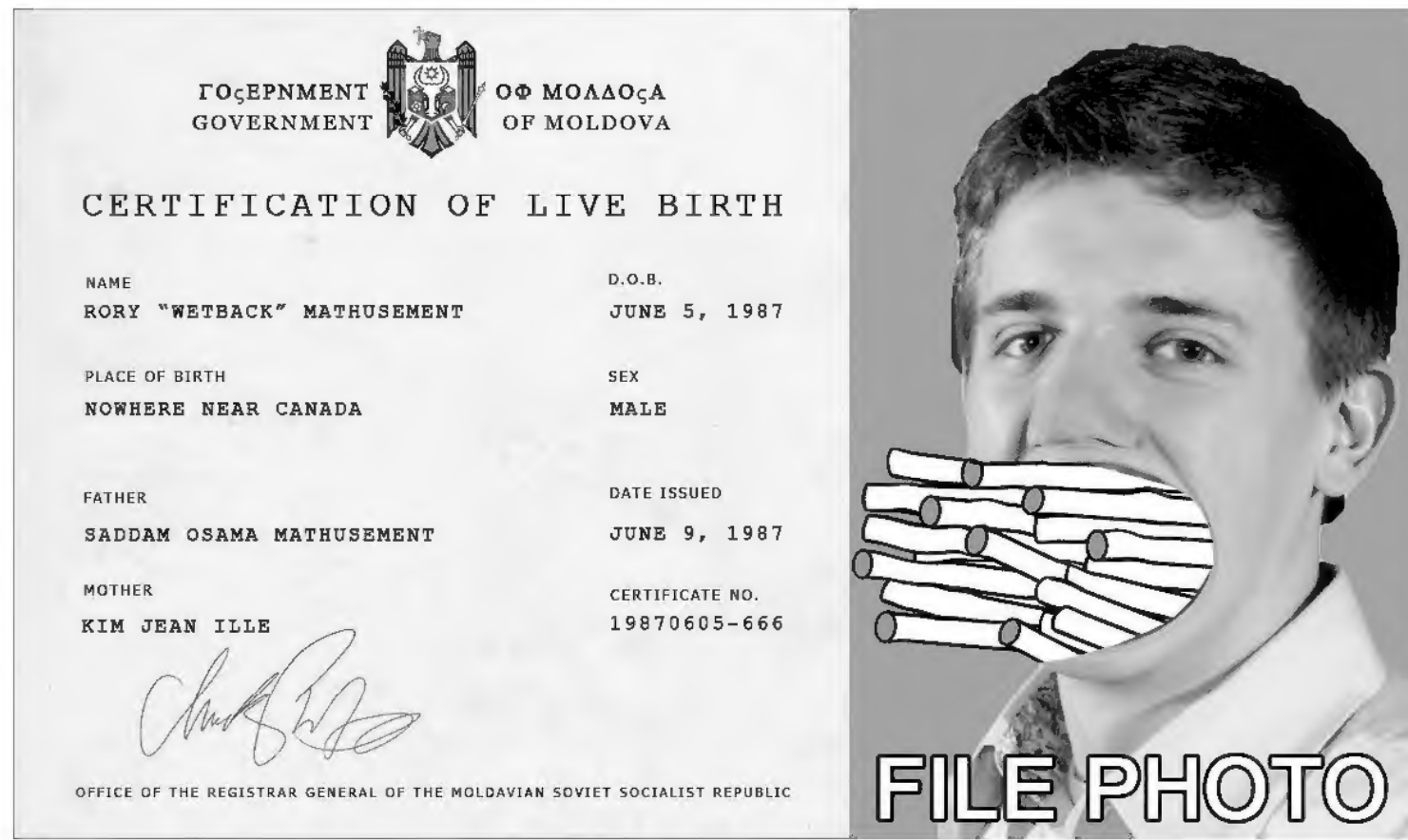
MORTAL MUSTANG
Oedipus-in-chief

Students' Union President Rory Mathusement is under fire this week from a growing movement who are questioning the legitimacy of his presidential credentials.

The self-dubbed, "Mathusement Birther Movement" has released a list of demands from Mathusement, mainly that he produce a legitimate Canadian birth certificate.

Without it, they claim, Mathusement's true loyalties are uncertain, and he could be a puppet of the board of governors. Plus, if American spelling creeps into SU correspondence, that would be really annoying.

"It's a difficult and scary time for students at the University," said Phil



AT LEAST HE'S NOT KENYAN The birthers claim this certificate is genuine.

West, head of the Birther Movement.

"When our campus is being menaced by giant, cannibalistic, amazon women, men need a strong, white

male leader to defend us from the threat and ensure that our interests are represented."

PLEASE SEE AFTERBIRTH ♦ PAGE 2

U of A outsourcing student services, instructing positions to save money

CHIP DIPSON
Senior foreign labour correspondent

In an effort to cut costs, the University of Alberta is encouraging a large number of its departments to outsource jobs to cheaper labour markets where possible.

The administration insists none of the changes will negatively affect quality, as only "marginally important" faculties and services will take advantage of cheap Mexican, Guatemalan, and Indian labour.

"When we realized our budget was going to need a few adjustments back in the spring, we made some changes," said Kirstie Hardy, director of Human Resources. "Program advising has been handled exclusively by a

call centre in India since June."

But not everyone buys the University's claim about maintaining quality.

"I'm not sure how I feel about how the new services are being offered," said Randall Decker, a third-year Business student who sought out program advice from the new services. "I didn't get the feeling they really understood the concept of prerequisites and requirements. In fact, looking at what I enrolled in, I'm pretty sure I'm not going to be able to graduate."

However, Decker noted he did benefit from the exchange in other ways.

"At least they were able to tell me how to fix my Dell computer. It's never worked better!"

PLEASE SEE TOOK'R JOBS ♦ PAGE 4

CORRECTIONS

The November 26 issue of the *Getaway* contains a correction or two that we really need to talk about. I know that usually you expect honesty and accuracy, but frankly we've been drinking, and if you start your workday at 9 a.m. and steam through

to midnight, you'll probably make some mistakes. Anyway, I hope you've got a pen — this might take a while.

The article "SU Student Survey puts respondents at risk of identity theft" incorrectly asserts that the survey was

intended to garner opinions about the student experience. In fact, SU President Rory Mathusement was never shy about his identity theft intentions.

"I'm getting myself an ass-ton of mortgages and moving to Tahiti," he had

said in an interview.

The November 24 article "New U-Pass to include matter transport option, flying buses," failed to take into account the U of A's subsidy for the program.

The matter transporter option will

cost students \$9,853 per term, not \$113 as originally reported. However, the fee will need to be collected for 19 years before the necessary infrastructure will be put in place. The *Getaway* regrets the flagrant errors.

U of A replaces MacEwan as community college to achieve top 20 by 2020 target

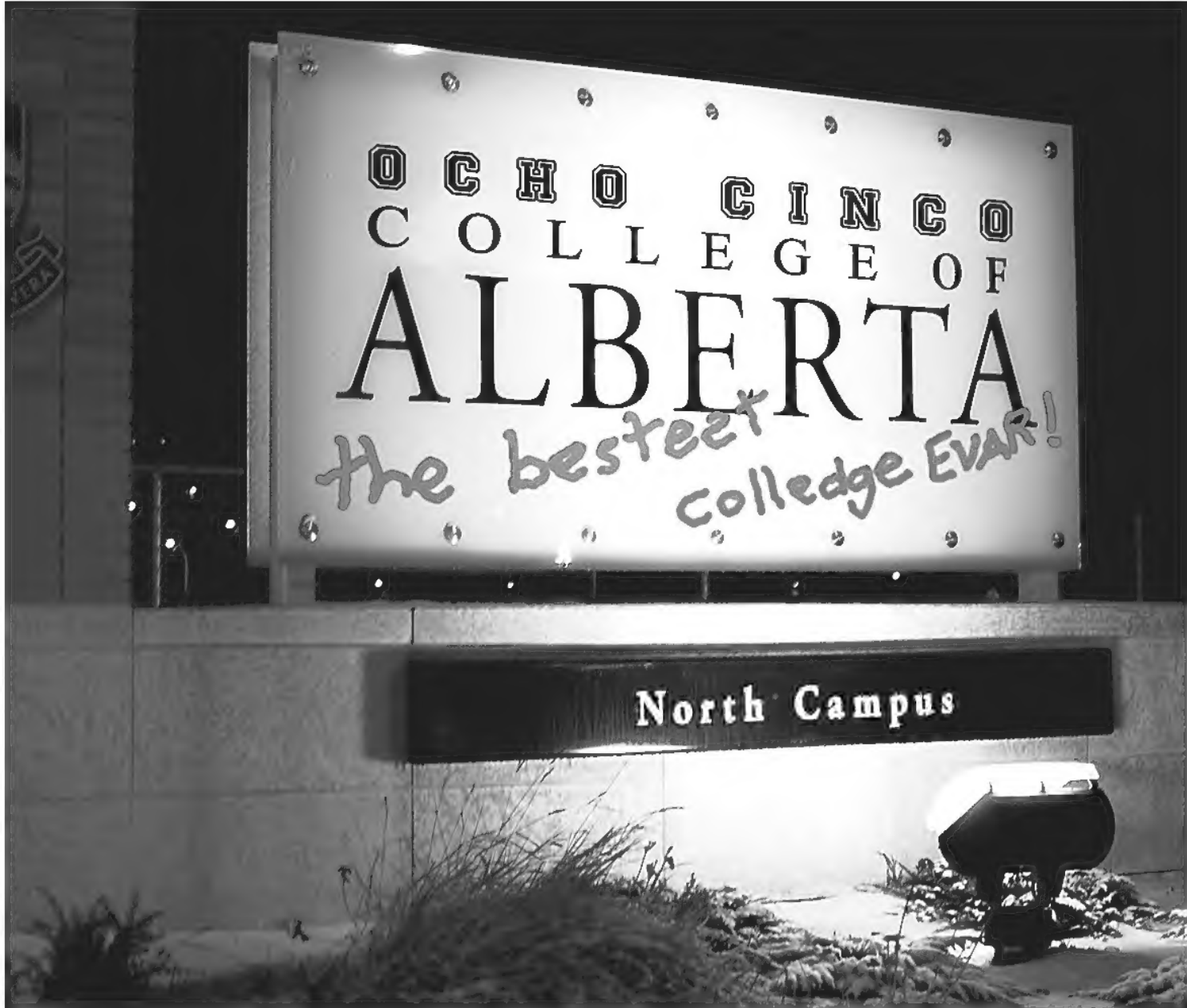
NEWSIE LALONDE
Solid rookie performance

With debts mounting and time quickly running out on President Omrika Zandamenska's goal of becoming a top-20 university by 2020, the board of governors have approved a significant change to the University's constitution that it hopes will help it achieve higher standards. Beginning next semester, the University will down-grade its status to a college.

"We took a close look at some of the big party colleges around Canada and the U.S. and learned that they operate on a fraction of the budget that we do. They run on what we like to call a "BYOB" budget — bring your own books. Just think how great our new college could be if we dedicated that kind of funding to less academically intense pursuits," said a BoG spokesperson.

"A large number of students are attracted to these schools because of the unique experiences they can have while earning a diploma. These same students also figure that they will learn most of what they'll need to once they actually get into the work force, anyway."

This change of priorities is a strong reflection of the changing direction of the postsecondary education model in Canada. For too long, schools have focused on stimulating student learning. It's believed that by dropping



BIG FISH, SMALL POND Tuition will remain constant to smooth the transition.

the pretensions often associated with higher learning and focusing on real-world experience, more students will benefit from their time spent there. Research also indicates that by making classes less challenging, more students will get higher grades.

"We want to be recognized as a school where all of our students perform well. This will help us build our reputation as one of the best colleges in North America."

The school formerly known as the U of A is considering a few options

for its new name, but the leading candidate at this point is Ocho-Cinco College. While critics argue that "85" in Spanish is not actually pronounced "ocho-cinco," the name selection committee has been dismissive of this criticism.

If the name change goes ahead, students attending Ocho-Cinco College will earn credits towards their diplomas. Students who had been accumulating university credits towards a degree will simply have to "deal with it."



FACT:

The human race is in reality being dominated by dinosauroid aliens that must consume human blood to maintain their human form. World leaders, the Royal Family, and star athletes aren't humans, but bloodthirsty creatures from the constellation Draco.

FACT:

Getaway News is the only journalistic organization with balls enough to expose these monsters for what they are. Grab a shotgun and a pen, and join humanity's last stand! Join the war against these reptilian overlords! Join *Getaway News*!

GETAWAY NEWS

Taking back earth, one alien corpse at a time, since 1910

Mission assignments given through coded print messages
onlyucanstopthedinos@thegatewayonline.ca

“My bedroom is the real rapid fire theatre, if you know what I mean.

SECURITY COUNCIL FORUM

Written by a bored Getaway editor

The United Nations Security Council meets every second Tuesday in the Norwegian Room in the U.N. Secretariat Building in New York at 6 p.m. Council meetings are not open to all countries. We're looking at you, Kosovo.

Not to be outdone by the University of British Columbia Alma Mater Society's formal complaint to the U.N. claiming human rights violations for unaffordable tuition, the U of A's own Students' Council subdued Libya to replace them as a non-permanent member until the end of the year. Students' Council then proceeded with their normal business as the first meeting began.

ASSOCIATION ABORTION

Vice President (Pandemic) Leela Truequila fielded questions about the plan for re-establishing a Science Students Association. The dissolution of the SSA at the start of the year drew unfavourable comparisons to the impotent League of Nations. Truequila was happy to inaugurate the new Science Students Against Decrepitude association as a replacement to the SSA at the meeting. Sadly, the SSAD emerged stillborn, and thus was disbanded three minutes after its implementation.

"This just proves Science students are unwilling to be subdued and governed," Truquila sighed. "We're seriously considering disbanding the

Science faculty altogether. There's just no organization anywhere."

WICKED PANDAS

Council appealed to to the U.N.'s Electoral Complaints Commission to investigate widespread allegations of fraud, bribes, and armed coercion in RATT's beer naming contest. The ECC reluctantly agreed to look into the case. U of A complainants allege that in order to secure the name "Wicked Panda" for the brew, Pandas team members stuffed ballot boxes, paid off SU officials, and severed the hands of those trying to vote for the better names.

OVER EXPOSURE

In his executive committee report, President Rory Mathusement addressed outspoken criticism against a new movie that he wrote, produced, and starred in, called *Executive Privilege: Satisfying the Student Body*. Some councillors feel that the film, which is a compilation portraying the president engaged in various sexual acts, to be in bad taste for a student government representative. Mathusement defended his film as free speech, and maintained it in no way conflicted with his duties as SU President. He noted that people who purchase his DVD, which he sold from a booth in the U.N. lobby after the meeting, will be entered into a draw for a chance to win a mini-fridge or an iPod.

QUESTION PERIOD

Vice President (Stud Life) Rick Hardrod addressed rampant rumours that the U of A batch of H1N1 vaccines were turning people into flesh-eating zombies. Hardrod stated there was nothing to fear, and that he had received the

RORY MATHUSEMENT
SU President
—addressing his recently premiered sex tape

vaccine himself. However, an outburst of "You lie!" from Arts Councillor Sikram Beth interrupted the vice president's answer. Hardrod responded by leaping across the chamber and devouring the councillor's intestines.

Council heard a question about the recently signed agreement between the U of A and the German Helmutz Association. A delegate from the former nation of Czechoslovakia vehemently expressed his concern about U of A and Helmutz's forceful annexation of northern Czech territory and lab space. U of A researchers were also reported mobilizing along Germany's border with Poland. Speaker Greg Learner determined Council was going long, and a motion to adjourn was carried before the question was addressed.



JOHNSON-SHOYAMA
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PUBLIC POLICY

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"When I started to consider working in government, I realized that I would need graduate-level training in public policy to pursue my career goals. The Master of Public Administration program at the Johnson-Shoyama School has given me a strong foundation in theory and a chance to hear from and connect with professionals in the public sector. The school's areas of focus were of particular importance given my interest in health and social policy."

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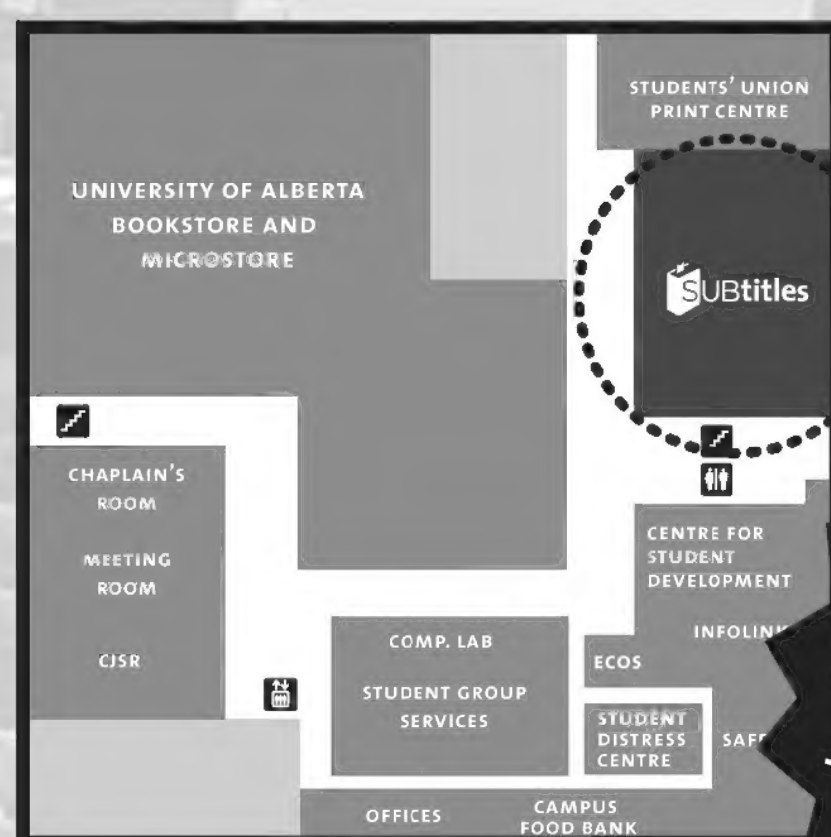
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\$59-million gap closed with student loan

FUNGUS WEINER
111011011001101010

In a report to the Board of Governors late last week, Provost and Vice President (Pandemic) Gnarled Rammstein introduced the latest plan to solve the problem of the University's \$59-million operating budget deficit. But in a change from the administration's usual policy, this time the University has found a uniquely student-oriented solution.

"The whole budget thing had us stumped for a while," noted Rammstein in his report. "We tried calling it a gap, in the hopes that one of the cranes around campus could just build a bridge over it, but [Vice President (F'in A!)] Lois [Clark] stopped us at the last second; it turns out, metaphorical bridges are in the capital budget.

"Once I found out the gap was about money, however, I realized that the answer was simple: get more money. Now, who's always complaining about how much money they're spending on tuition? Students. So we looked to see where they were able to get such massive amounts of cash, and we found it: student loans."

In order to be eligible for the loans, Rammstein will be attending the U of A as a student for the upcoming winter term. While his application for admission is still pending



NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS

YES, I'M 22 We won't tell the Veep this only delays the deficit for a few years.

approval, the Provost has reportedly been telling his friends and family that he'll be in "pre-med."

"Pre-med just makes sense," he said. "I mean, look at what Pharm and Dent students are going to have to pay next year with differential tu — oh. You guys can keep this quiet, right? It'll be our secret, student-to-student."

Despite the student-focused nature of Rammstein's plan, some remain skeptical of its effectiveness.

"The extent to which you participate will be the measure of your rewards, and I think that's what Gnarled really needs to understand here," SU President Rory Mathusement said in

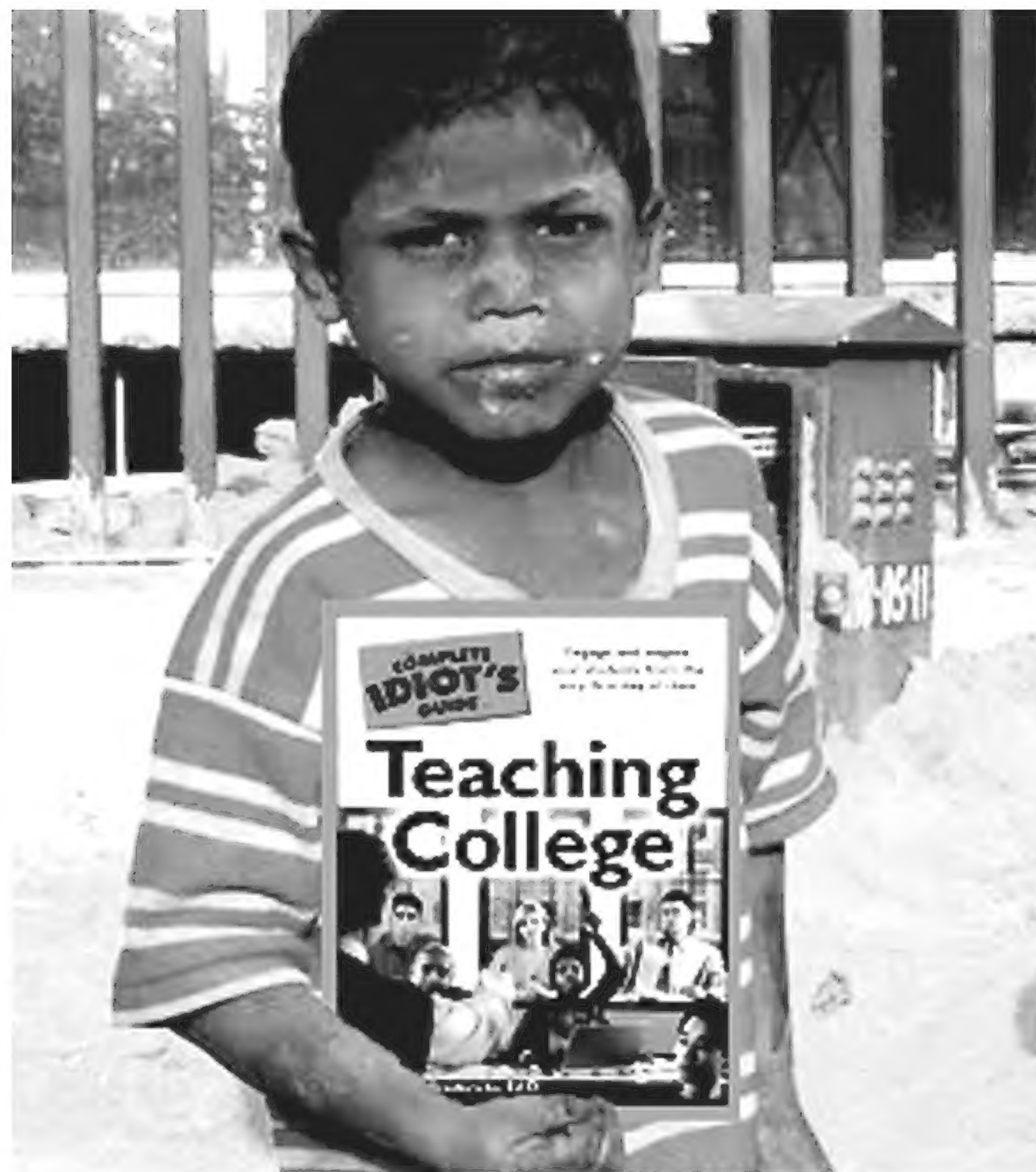
a prepared statement. "My goal is to ensure greater communication exists between students, faculty, administration, and the Students' Union."

"I want to ensure that every student can have a memorable and beneficial university experience," he added.

Mathusement's criticisms aside, the Provost intends to move forward with his plan to eliminate the deficit.

"Student loans are just the first step. We're planning to enroll President Zandamenska in a full course load for next fall just for the scholarship money. Just think of it: a minority woman in engineering. What *wouldn't* she be eligible for?"

Immy-gants steal awr jawbs!



A TIGER

TEACHING ENGLISH GOOD Professor Omar will supervise many a thesis.

TOOK'R JOBS ♦ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The University is also starting to phase in video lectures from professors in other countries who work at a small fraction of salaries demanded by Canadian PhD holders.

"It's tough to take, but I recognize the deficit has put the University in a difficult position," sighed Drew Parsons, an English department professor who was recently laid off. "At least now I'll have a chance to finish my novel."

"Sometimes their accents make them really hard to understand," said Amanda Soldanski, a Science student who's seen four of her five professors replaced by video conferencing. "I guess in that way it's not much different from the TAs the U of A has already."

Though most of the new hires have been able to work from their own country, U of A staff have also taken advantage of visiting workers to fill positions

that still require a U of A presence.

"I've got a family of 19 Mexican labourers living out of a utility room in the basement of CAB," explained Jan Hadouken, the SU's Beef Rechurning Officer. "It's really helped me cut costs. I'll be able to run this year's elections for about 48 cents a day."

Hadouken said she's been lucky to siphon off some of the savings to improve the image of her office.

"People have to know the the BRO is boss," she said, sporting a gold Rolex. "Do you think my wages alone would cover my shiny, new Mazda 3?"

Hadouken credited unfettered globalization with making it easier for the U of A weather this financial storm.

"I've even convinced [the Mexicans] to pay back some of their wages as rent," she smiled. "They're just so eager to leave the squalour of their smelly armpit of a country."

CAMPUS CRIME BEAR

Compiled by Newsie Lalonde

IT WAS PROBABLY DRUNK, TOO

Just after 6 a.m. on November 24, a bear being held in the Biological Science Building escaped into the woods north of campus. Although it seemed non-aggressive and caused no damage, the bear roused suspicions amongst students, and several notified CSS. Campus security attended, but were unable to locate the bear.

Around noon on November 24, the bear made another surprise appearance meandering through Quad for food. Finding only discarded, beer-stained frisbees — which he still licked clean — the bear began a rampage of defecation and destruction. CSS arrived on scene, but quickly found they were trying to fight a motherfucking bear, and got the hell out of there.

The bear was later seen at 5 p.m. fishing at the koi pond outside of the bus loop.

Enraged that pond had long since been emptied of its fish, it raced off towards HUB mall in an attempt to find food.

After failing to find anything edible, the indignant bear made its way to University Hall and council chambers, hoping to voice his concerns that campus needs more salmon. The bear waited patiently for over two hours while council debated the proper punctuation needed to amend his poorly scrawled written complaint.

Bored and exhausted, the bear eventually passed out, and slept through his turn to defend his suggestion.

Upon waking, the bear, possibly still under the influence and in a fit of self-loathing, began destroying council chambers. CSS attended, and, with the aid of a tranquilizer gun, were able to make the arrest. The bear was found to not be a student, and was levied with a \$300 fine before being trespasssed.



Headliner? I hardly even knew ’er!

RT @maestrohaq Trying on a new pair of macaroni pants #gag #gagchange #gagthoughtleader
Hear that? That’s the sound of the future calling. No longer are we confined to the oppressive boundaries of “original thought” or “good ideas.” Thanks to the new and exciting benefits offered by the oncoming tsunami of the new media social wave, your marketing infrastructure is about to be rocked harder than a Java mochacino in 2006 — whatever *that* is.

I’ve been compiling statistics from this month’s tag clouds, and the results say that the future is looking bright for young Edmontonians. According to a recent feature in *Alley* magazine, this city’s top-40 thought leaders are the kinds of participatory design-thinkers who will rewrite the public discourse on social policy through a collaborative crowdsourcing of town halls and tweetups.

“But what does that even mean?” you ask, lost in a sea of catchphrases deeper than Ed Stelmach’s pockets. I ask you, dear luddite, what *doesn’t* it mean? Our ethos doesn’t require substance so much as it needs feel-good back-patting, filling a room full with like-minded change agents who will stomp our feet and get angry until someone — anyone — validates our soapbox opinions by retweeting it in 140 characters or less.

As a liberal campus student media organization, it’s the *Getaway*’s responsibility to be an agent of social change, and to let the world know that us affluent 20-something suburbanites — perhaps the nation’s most oppressed and unheard minority — just won’t take it any more. Tear down the tar sands! Deregulate social spending! Join the Social Media Response Team! Throw your “responsible” fiscal policy out the window, storm the legislature, and string our leaders up by their toes, because the only way we’re going to get the other 95 per cent of the province to realize that our opinions are more valid than theirs is to take affirmative action against our oppressors!

Of course, a movement like this needs to start small, at the grassroots level. That’s why we’ve taken the lead on rebooting the way active citizens communicate. Who needs “marches” or “visibility” or “legitimacy” when our fellow Twitterati have the power to reach tens, perhaps dozens of others who already agree with us? Realistic dissent from the citizens who our opinions actually affect isn’t relevant to our cause. Like our parents who just didn’t understand our troubled teenage years, how can we trust the elderly, homeless, and university students that we force our views on to actually know what’s best for them? We’re the ones who’ve optimized our search engines — we deserve to be right.

Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a tweetup with my fellow blue-sky solutioneers.

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD VII
Breaking the trend with a two-fer

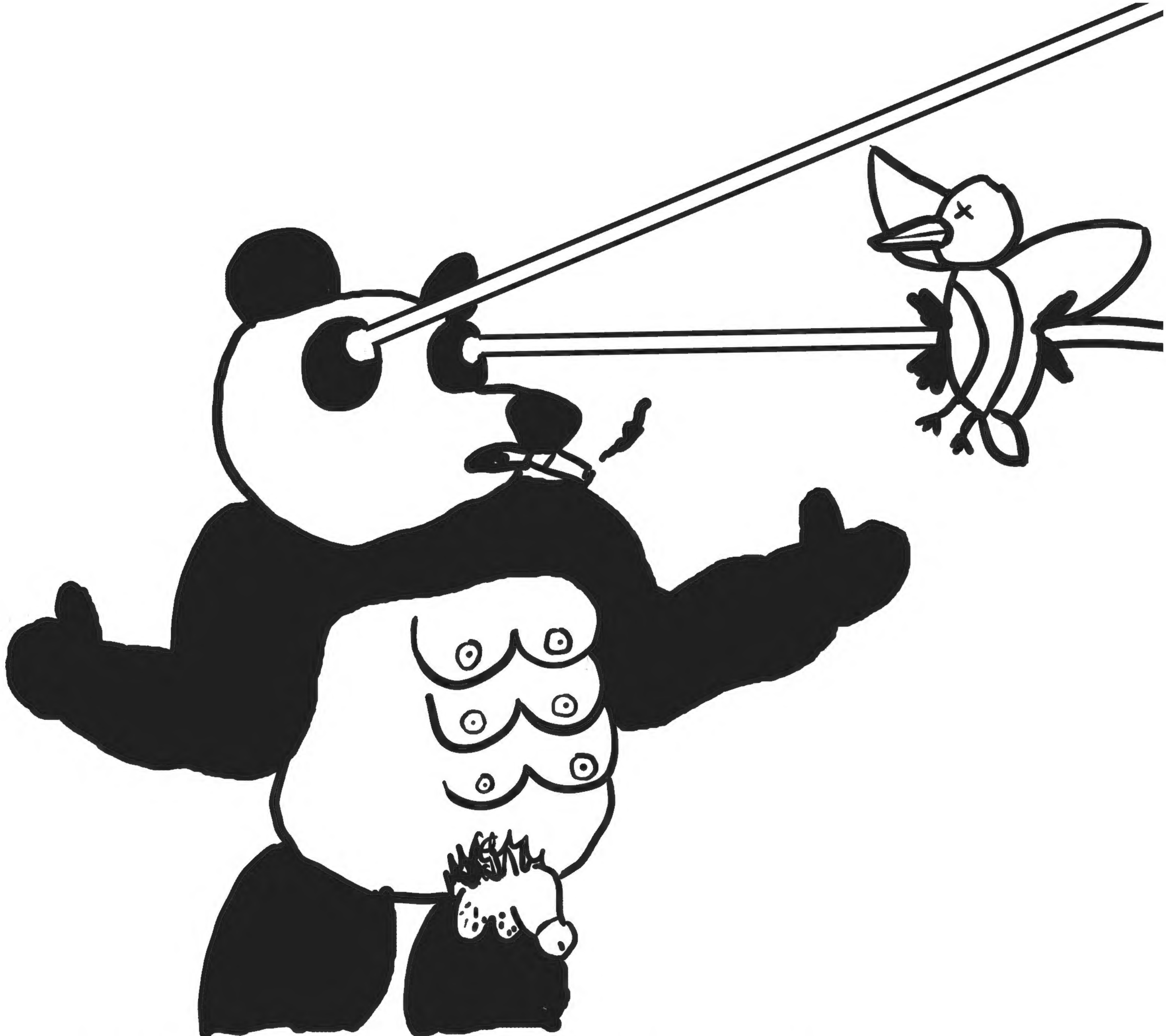
Read this, weirdos

IN THE SHORT TIME YOU’VE BEEN PERUSING THIS newspaper, you’ve probably already spotted a number of alarming trends that you’re otherwise not used to seeing from this shining beacon of media ingenuity. If it wasn’t readily evident, all of these fake names and cock jokes are simply a means of entertainment. No need to wash out your eyes in disgust — we did this on purpose. All of it. Even the centaur porn.

Every year, for about a weekend or so, our uproarious troupe of misfit journalists likes to collectively remove the mask of integrity, and put together a compendium of complete bullshit where every fifth word is “dick,” “fuck,” or “jizz.”

While this is intended to be a light-hearted cockslap targeting topical subject matter, there are *still* some unfortunate schmucks who are too thick to operate a newspaper without an instruction manual, let alone comprehend that this entire issue is one elaborate joke. But before you start wiring that letter bomb that you’ve already planned to mail us, step down off the high-horse and consider reality for a moment: Godzilla-sized women won’t attack campus, Stephen Harper won’t win the Polaris Prize, and Quade Armstrong won’t be the Bears quarterback next year. Feeling better yet?

DICK FROSTIE
\$4.99 at Wendys (The sexy one)



THIS IS PROBABLY A METAPHOR FOR SOMETHING.

THERE WAS NO ARTIST. WE JUST HELD A MIRROR UP TO LIFE.

whining
TO THE
eds

Why are these lights so bright? My head hurts.

I read your article on chimpanzee fornication, (“Hot Monkey Love Astounds Engineers” October 1) and I very much wish that you hadn’t gotten the following facts wrong, which *completely* threw off the balance of the article:

1. The eggbeater was not invented in 1732 by Leonardo da Vinci in Romania. It evolved naturally from the skunk.
 2. Chimpanzees are not considered Magical Beasts by the DnD 3.5 rules unless the Celestial template is applied.
 - 3) I don’t know what you’ve heard, but my mother is *not* a pennywhore. She charges at very least \$11 an hour, as I would know from a very fruitful session last night.
- Other than that, the article was a slanderous, filthy piece of trash. Good work!

EMERSON BALSAM
Arts 3.1415926

She sells seashells by the rape crisis hotline

I would ask that you all drop to your knees and bow while I, Pope Benedict XVI, leader of the Catholic church and wearer of the world’s coolest hat address you, the feeble populace of

the University of Alberta.

I find it fitting to open this letter with a phrase from my favourite book. “It is my belief that the truth is generally preferable to lies.” That quotation of course comes from the Holy Bible, or maybe it’s Harry Potter, I forget. Regardless, I am writing this letter in frustration to the constant blasphemy being put into the public domain by the University of Alberta. Of course I’m referring to the University’s never-ending commitment to scientific research. We here at the Vatican don’t look too kindly upon those who commit to such demonic endeavours as curing disease and tracing evolutionary history. Your time would be much better spent interpreting Bible passages and being abstinent.

After all, we all know science is a joke class anyways. Why when I was in Pope school, I aced all of my science exams by simply putting “God’s Will” for every answer. It would be truly unfortunate if you fail to cease your scientific research for I fear it might bein God’s will for me to run the Pope-Mobile into your research institutions. Puck’s in your court, U of A. I suggest you punt.

OL POPEY
As we like to call him

And I watch the city burn

Dear General Mills Cereals: I have greatly enjoyed many of your fine products — your Wheaties, your Cocoa Puffs, your Franken Berrys, your Lucky Charms, your Toast Crunches (both of the Cinnamon and

French varieties), your Cheerios, and your Count Choculas. Unfortunately, I was most confounded by the difficulty I had making my way through the labyrinthine puzzles on the back of your Cheerios box. I noticed that on fourscore occasions was my excursion untimely *terminated* by a gaggle of children that robbed me — without provocation, mind you — of my Trix, making off with them before they could be thoroughly enjoyed. If only the puzzles had been more rudimentary! If only my brain had not been unduly taxed by the cruel impossibility of those crossed-words!

The ramifications of the loss of my breakfast span beyond the simple indignity at the hands of those diminutive thieves, as without my usual morning 84 grams of sugar, I was unable to present the investors with my proposal to limit the construction of buildings to only things shaped like other things. I blame you, General Mills, who I hope this letter finds, because, let’s be honest: I just picked an address at random.

ROSS IVAN RUNNINGCOCKS
Farts II

from THE
web

0111010110100010010010

Okay, this whole newspaper thing, I don’t get it. Why would you make something that only you and your four

friends are going to see when you could upload it onto me and show it to literally billions of peeps? Someone puts up an article about Megan Fox’s tits on their blog and within seconds I have the world’s attention. The anonymity is pretty sweet too, you can be as douchey as you want and people are powerless to stop you. They’ll say, “Stop being a douchebag,” but they can’t do anything about it. Why? Simple. *They’re bitches.*

The biggest problem with your paper? Not enough video. Did you see the thing on YouTube where fighting rabbits are policed by chickens? That’s good stuff. Let’s see your words on paper do that. I’ve got it all. Fave it? Like it? Digg it? Poke me when you get this?

Oh, that’s right, *you can’t*. So suck my bandwidth, beotch!

THE INTERNET
Via telegraph

Letters to the editor should be sent to letters@getawayonline.ualberta.ca — is everyone done listening? Thank God, this is the most boring bit in the whole paper normally, and it’s a relief to not have to type one more fucking “Here’s how to send letters” piece of inanity. None of you are four years old — you know how to write a damn letter. Yeesh. Of course, the vast majority of you *still* do the godamn two spaces after the end of a sentence. Understand: WE DO NOT DO THAT HERE. Christ, I’m getting too old for this shit.

So from now on, letters will only be accepted in origami swan format, fuckers.

BOARD GAME ANTIQUITIES:

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Hotels, \$150. plus 4 houses

If a player owns ALL the Lots of any Color-Group, the rent is Doubled on Unimproved Lots in that group.

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MARVIN GARDENS

Damnit, I HAD that game. Had the greens locked up, had the reds with hotels on them, and the only property that Jared had in that stupid corner was GODAMN Marvin Gardens. And every single damn time he went around the board, he landed there, and didn't pay me any FUCKING MONEY. What's up with that? Did he perform a stupid voodoo ritual over the dice and sprinkle them with the ashes of dead babies or some shit like that? And of course I lost. Again. Because of stupid Luxury tax, I lost. Go to hell, Marvin Gardens. You and your stupid Waterworks.

Um, I guess this relates to my section somehow. I don't know. Come write for me and let me kick your ass at Monopoly and perhaps that will enable me to feel better about myself as a human being. Or something. I hate you so much, Jared. Next time, we're playing Scrabble, and you're not going to convince me that 'unawkwardliness' is a word again. Dick.

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So I got laid — now read about it



TINY SCHLONGER

As I look down between my thighs and watch a blonde ponytail bob up and down on my not-so-limp bizkit, all I have to say is, “Hey, babe, have you put on weight?”

Because, you know, I’m doing this as a favour to you. It’s not my fault you have low self-esteem. It’s not my fault that your daddy diddled you, your mother never loved you, and you have no way to emotionally connect with people. I have no control over that. No, the real truth of the matter is that I’m letting you feel something for the first time in your existence. It just happens to be my schlong down the back of your throat. And as many women and one transsexual have said before you, “That sure is something.”

But seriously, your low self-esteem isn’t such a bad thing. In fact, if it wasn’t for your issues as a darling of un-like-ability, then I wouldn’t get nearly as much tail as I have been recently. Seriously, you people wouldn’t believe how laid I’ve been. Ever since I’ve taken to hanging out around the exit doors of eating disorder clinics and incest counselling services, my body count has shot to the moon, much like my wad just did.

Go clean yourself up, Tiffany. No one loves you.

Okay, she’s gone. Good. Now, what I wanted to talk about, obviously, is racism — a serious problem facing our society today. That’s why I don’t discriminate on the tramps I pick up each evening. I’m just as likely to be seen canoodling with a Jewish girl who’s upset because her bat mitzvah consisted of two of her best friends jabbing her with a sharpened menorah as I am to be seen on the receiving end of a young Asian broad who was abused through her childhood by centuries of traumatic culture.

I’m at the Pizza Hut! I’m at the Taco Bell! I’m at the combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell! The Salsa Response Team has been dispatched to my location.

I’m an equal-opportunity player, and if you weren’t so ugly, maybe you’d have a chance to be a part of my mosaic of culturally diverse sexual conquests.

Shit — she’s coming back. No, dear, I don’t want to “cuddle”; I want to finish writing this article so it can get published. Because I, unlike you, have a fucking job and contribute something

of value to society. That’s right, you’d better cry. Now down on your knees. And watch those crooked teeth of yours. Just because you’re poor and couldn’t afford those braces you so desperately need, doesn’t mean I need your gnarled fangs shredding my wang.

Mm, yeah, that’s the stuff. Anyway, where was I? Right. So, I believe this is something our culture should embrace, ’cause if everyone adopted these values and these morals, you know what would happen? That’s right — I would get so much more tail than now. I could even make it with that hot chick from my Spanish class. I’m superimposing her face on your body right now. Damnit, stop crying!

Another issue affecting us today is proper dressing and personal grooming. People just don’t take pride in themselves any more. Look at me, standing here, in the middle of my bedroom, resplendent in my bathrobe and Joe Boxer briefs. I am nothing more or less than a Greek god in student clothing, the pinnacle of excellence that all other lesser men should aspire to.

And women too. You hear me, honey? I notice that your bra doesn’t match your panties, and that your right boob sags. I see all of it and it disgusts me. So keep at it.

Believe me — this is what these girls respond to. I’ve tried being “nice” or “sweet” before, and it doesn’t change a thing — it just makes it harder to get them out at the end of the night.

Whoops, I seem to have run out of space. In conclusion: I am awesome.

Blatherings about energy amuse many!



RAISIN FUK

There’s lotsa carbon. Specifically in gas form. It hurts us somehow, and so we urgently need to get rid of it. There are some who accuse our super best friends — the Alberta oil and gas sector — for causing this problem. But let’s not be hasty. We don’t need to point fingers here; we need to come up with proactive solutions! And so, in our desperation, we turn to any nut-job answer provided by “science” like the current plan to inject carbon dioxide deep under the ground.

Now I could inundate you with “facts” and “statistics,” but that’s just not my style. I could tell you that this absurd plan will cost Alberta taxpayers \$2.8 billion over the next 15.75 years. I could tell you that it will actually cause the release of almost 7.5 million tonnes of greenhouse gases, over 350 per cent of Canada’s current unwanted gas output. I could tell you that one out of one Al Gores do not support it in any way. But I won’t do that, nor will I spend more than four words bashing Alberta’s douchiest, folksiest, Toriest, impotentest Premier. Alert the Stelmach Response Team!

Instead, I come to you with a plethora of alternate plans, hoping that one of

these viable alternatives will penetrate the thick Ukie skull of our leader and force his steady hand. To be honest, I don’t expect much, since I’m sure my one devoted reader (notorious jewel thief Art Vandenklurgen) can’t change public policy very well from prison. But in any case, here are the best choices now open to our incompetent Tory regime.

If you flip a penny a hundred times, it will be just as likely to land on heads as it is to land on tails as it is to be utterly fucking worthless, since pennies cost four cents to make.

Firstly, they say there’s lots of space under the ground to store gas in. You know where else there’s lots of space? Space! Instead of injecting carbon under the ground, let’s build that completely possible space elevator and use it as a pipeline for carbon gas. It’s projected by very legitimate scientists that this option will reduce our carbon footprint by 300 per cent and add approximately 600 beautiful gas nebulae to the night sky. Failing this totally realistic option, we could also build a gravity cannon and fire huge containers full of carbon dioxide into the sun. This could also be used to get rid of garbage and political prisoners more efficiently.

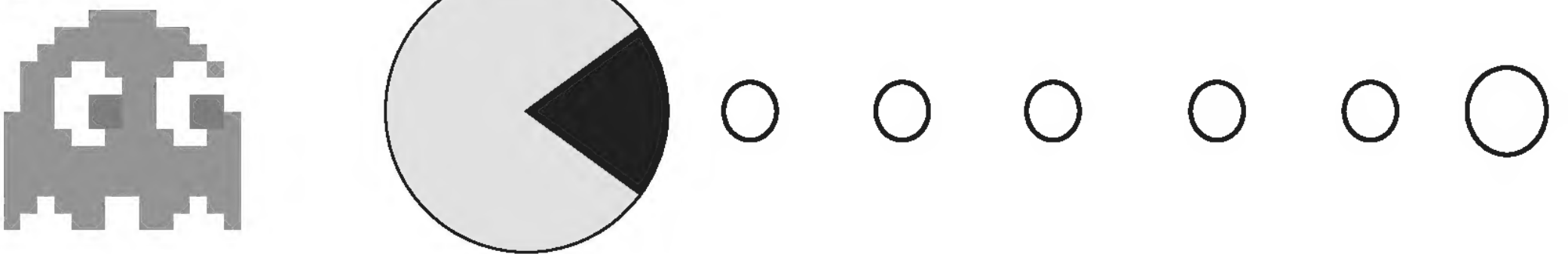
Also, it’s clear that any problem caused by corporate deregulation (not that this problem was) can be solved by corporate deregulation. And it’s wise to go with the best. So I propose that we take all restrictions off the Coca-cola corporation, allowing them to quadruple the carbonation in their beverages. If we act today, we could cut 83 per cent of carbon emissions to the atmosphere by yesterday. Also, the anarcho-capitalist environment of our province will draw other major soft-drink producers, providing jobs and stimulating our economy. This will give Alberta tremendous revenues, subsidies, royalties, and other such words.

Finally, where else can we put a crap-load of unwanted carbon? I’ve been informed, via semi-erotic text messages from Art Vandenklurgen, that trees like to use carbon for some sort of pseudo-scientific process, whereby they absorb carbon dioxide and make oxygen. Unfortunately, everyone knows that the good Lord made a finite number of trees 6,000 years ago when the Earth was created, and, being a jealous creator, will smite anyone who tries to make more.

As a bleeding-heart liberal trapped in a largely apathetic province controlled by a psychotic minority of conservative ranch hands, I implore the Tories to follow any of these options, rather than the expensive and wasteful plan they have now. Until then, we will be eternally stuck with the unrealistic plans of a despotic incompetent. Consider yourselves warned.

Also, Ed Stelmach sucks. I hope I made that clear.

pacman



Thine nine fine swine opines shine mine divine eyne



NICE
FROSTICLES

octopoint

HIN1? More like H1DonkeyShit! The bigger concern here is swine herpes. Did you know you can get herpes in the mouth now?

If I'm eating bacon and BAM! my lip starts oozing green, there goes my sex life. Fuck it, I might as well convert to Mormonism right now.



MAIMED
FATBOI

octopoint

What's this jerkface trying to do? Bacon is evil, people. As far as I'm concerned, the more stigma we can attach with those cloven-hooved beasts, the better—am I right, my Zionist homefries — the Swine Response Team?

You're all going to hell. Forever.



EVER
MAD-RACKS

octopoint

I heard through a yappy grapevine that someone fucked a pig up the ass, and that's how swine flu got started. Now I have to be cautious not to let someone cough into my asshole, because that's how it spreads, I hear.

Your opinion is useless and you deserve death.



CHAFED
DICK

octopoint

You're all stupid. There's no need to be concerned about barnyard-variety flus. You know what we should be worried about? *Unicycles*.

According to statistics I just made up, unicycle related accidents are the 687th leading cause of death in Canada. Really makes you think, huh?



TRENT
STEELFACE

point

The recent swine flu pandemic may present a realistic possibility for the spread of illness, but the current hype and fear-mongering around its outbreak are sensationalist. More people die from seasonal flu every week than will die from the entire swine flu pandemic.



GLARIN' AT
YOU

octopoint

Moron. Swine flu is all the rage, but I just don't get it. I mean, there's really nothing that awesome about it. The symptoms are for whiny pussies — you should be ashamed.

Runny nose? Joint pains? Vomiting? Pshaw! Go cry to mommy. Typhoid fever is where it's at.



A
SWINE

octopoint

OINK OINK OINK OINK OINK OINK OINK OINK. OINK OINK (grunt grunt) OINK OINK OINK OINK OINK; OINK OINK. OINK OINK OINK OINK, OINK OINK OINK OINK — OINK OINK OINK OINK. OINK OINK? OINK OINK (roots for truffles) OINK.



LEAKY
TANOOKI SUIT

octopoint

Whatever dude, I don't think you realize how hardcore swine flu is. I have it now, and I can tell you wouldn't be able to hack it.

I'm still rocking out even with the swine flu, but it would destroy you. Cm'ere and let me cough on you. Then we'll see how tough you are.



AND
ANN B. DAVIS
AS ALICE

octopoint

You're an idiot! Swine flu is the new bird flu, and we're all completely fucked. Oh god oh god oh god oh god we're doomed.

I'm going to take up smoking again. And drinking. While driving. Why must the media insist on ruining bacon for me? Assholes!

THE MARBLE
SACK

After months of travelling the planet in search of the greatest scrotums, I've finally found one in need of recognition. Michelangelo's David's sack is truly a masterpiece unto itself.

I travelled to Florence last week because I heard the men there had some good ones, but I was really blown away by the balls on this statue. It was like I was seeing love for the first time as my eyes locked onto those genitals.

Although I didn't realize it then, I came in my pants at that very moment. I fell to my knees and the group that I was with was so uncomfortable with my breakdown that they just left me there, literally moaning, crying, and yelping in psychotic delight.

Even after my regular motor functions returned, I was still captivated by that sack, that *marble* sack. It took all the will in my body to prevent myself from approaching the statue and attempt to have my way with it. Speaking as a member of the Sack Response Team, those balls looked suckable, very suckable. Artfully concealed by one dangling hand, the paranoids who claim the statue was molded by erosion are wrong. So wrong. So very wrong.

Five hundred years ago, Michaelangelo created perfection. All the statues of today seem like they're overcompensating. It's not about how big your sack is; it's how you carry it. If I'm going to fondle some testicles, I want to be able to hold them in one hand comfortably. If I can't do that I'm going to get carpal tunnel syndrome.

LANCING HARD DICK

The Marble Sack is a semi-regular feature where famous artistic genitalia are poked, prodded, examined, groped, teased, tustled, appraised, valued, bought, sold, and fanatized by in decorative calendars by lonely, unambitious people with no ability to pursue the real thing. Not that I'd know anything about that. Please don't check my browser history.

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THANKS FOR THE



NEED A BREAK? COFFEE'S ON US!

December 7	10 am	Winspear Library
	6 pm	Cameron Library
	6 pm	Rutherford Library
December 8	10 am	Coutts Library
	12 noon	Bibliothèque Saint-Jean
	8 pm	Weir Library
December 9	8:30 am	Augustana Library
	10 am	Winspear Library
	6 pm	Coutts Library
December 10	8 pm	Weir Library
December 11	6:30 pm	Augustana Library
December 14	6 pm	Rutherford Library
	8 pm	Scott Library
December 15	12 noon	Bibliothèque Saint-Jean
	6 pm	Cameron Library
	8 pm	Scott Library





social
masturbation

Social Masturbation is a semi-regular feature in which the Getaway's socially elite brag about their ballin' weekends — and why you weren't invited.

Alright, listen up y'all:
This weekend was tight!
Starts on Friday
Bitch please, I made it my day
I wake up in the morning and I do some Jägerbombs
Before the end o' tha night we be sipping down the Dom
Walk into school, right, sit down in class
Professor says I'm drunk so I moon him w'my ass
Afternoon comes, and so do I
She's supposed to be a good girl, but I get her in the eye
Afternoon delight and I can't wait till tonight
That's when the real game begins baby...

It's a Gangster's life, I'm gonna bone your wife
It's a Gangster's life, we get higher than our kites
It's a Gangster's life, and you I ain't invitin'
It's a Gangster's life, instead you at home cryin'

I throw on my Ed Hardy — now you know I'm gonna party
My boyz and I hit the club, get our beers from the beer tub
I grind up on some shawty, and she slap me in the face.
I say, "What up girl, why you slap me in the face?"
Dumb bitch, she acting so motherfuckin' moody
She got mad attitude 'cuz I was rubbin' her boobies
Whatever tho, she was one ugly ho'
So I pour my drink on her, and walk out the do'
Friday night and it's come to an end
Dom Perignon and I pass out on my bed
Dreaming of dolphins doing flips n' shit
When Saturday comes, I know I won't quit

A'ight, now, it's Saturday night,
Did some shots of rye, and I'm ready to fight
Going out again, hanging wit' my homies
See some hot girls, in my pants I feel bony
I walk up to a hot girl,
I put down her self-esteem,
So that later tonight
Inside her I'm gonna cream
Then her boyfriend walks up
And man my plan is fucked
I walk out of the club
But the dude sucks my dick for fiddy bucks
Sunday morning I wake up
Homo hungover
Feel like I slipped up
So to the church I go over
I confess to the father
"That girl on friday?
Dude, she was your daughter."
Peace.

M.C. SCHNIZZY
You wanna be famous? Suck my dick.

Jailbait fans send Speakerz to top of chartz

AutoTunez

Speakerz
With Radioz, Boom Boxez, and Headpphonez
Friday, December 13 before their bedtime
Chuck E. Cheese
\$Yer Panties

TOTAL STUD
Likes girls who wear Abercrombie & Fitch

Since cancelling three consecutive tour dates this week, fans of Speakerz began to worry that the hippity-hoppity-rip-offity-pop-punkity group was heading towards a break. However, after a horde of 14-year-old girls swarmed lead vocalist Tripp Vazquez's suburban home this weekend demanding answers, fans' worries were put to rest.

"My mom called me downstairs, and I looked at the clock while I was still in bed — 10 a.m. I thought, 'What the hell? Mom doesn't usually make my grilled cheese sandwiches until noon.' It seemed weird, but as soon as I saw that army of jailbait, I knew I had to fess up," Vazquez says simply.

"My hair straightener broke. I don't do shows when I can't get my hair to do that cool floppy thing"

Earlier this year, Speakerz experienced a bout of runaway success after appearing on Moar Muzak. Nine fans went mute after their performance, while four others developed acute asthma. Despite this, bassist Greg Huffman insists the band remains committed to their own well-being and to each and every one of their devotees.

"We, like, totally give a shit about our fangirls," says Huffman. "But we're gentlemen, mostly because if we slept with any of our fans, we'd go to prison."



DONGMCCOCKY

A number of hardships stalled the recording of Speakerz' debut album *Crank It Up Super Loud and Stuff*, including the loss of their original drummer Chadley Slosh. When pressed about the topic, Huffman gets defensive.

"We had to kick him out of the band because he kept fucking smiling in our band photos," he explains. "So annoying."

But Huffman is no stranger to lineup changes, either. As Speakerz' newest member and third bassist, Huffman replaced former four-stringer Leigh O'Caïne, who was recently kicked out of his parents' basement and told to "grow up and get a real job."

"Leigh was a great asset to the group, but we have to keep our band progressive. I mean, at 17, Leigh was already too old for this kind of music anyway," Vazquez explains.

"Besides, Greg is, like, the best fucking Rock Band bassist I've ever seen. The guy can easily score 70 on expert when he's rocking Weezer's 'Beverly Hills,'" he adds.

Not to be outdone by the Los Angeles quartet's sensible riffs, however, Speakerz are living the high life since topping local Nexopia forum charts with their first single, "Elementary Luv." Hoping to demonstrate their immense musical range, Vazquez says their fans can expect something completely different with the next hit — not only can they sing about girls, but cars are fair game too.

"We like making our music accessible to our fanbase. Sure, I've lived a gangsta lifestyle, which is why I can pull off a Kobe Bryant jersey, but we understand that a lot of the girls that listen to us are still pretty innocent. So we write our songs about things they understand.

Who hasn't had to race to an after-school soccer game when they were 12? That's what 'Deep Blue Subaru' is all about," he relates.

"But we don't stop there. On our next album, we're hoping to explore an even more urban sound. Our manager says we've got some serious Motown influences. I don't know what that is, but if it'll sell records, I can throw a few shooby-doo-wops in there!"

It's trademarks like these that have kept the band as fresh as that dancing baby screen saver. But before departing to play Lego, Vasquez shares one more nugget about the next album.

"Our guitarist Nigel figured out the E chord the other day, so he's up to like, five chords now. It's going to make our new album so tight. I mean loose. Whichever is cooler."

Edward fans listen up: Centaur dicks>Vampire dicks



HUGE
JOHNSTON

Damn it, I am so sick of vampires. Everywhere I turn, they're all like, "Oh, I'm sparkly. Oh, I'm undead. Oh, I bathe in the blood of innocents and style my hair with a comb carved from the fingerbones of a starving orphan." Well I no longer care. Vampires are completely overdone and, I for one, am sick of them and the stereotypes they have come to embody.

I mean, they were fine for awhile when it was just, like, occasional appearances on *Buffy* or something, but now that it's gotten, like, several hundred times worse, I'm at a loss as to what to do in response to them. I've thought about assassinating Stephenie Meyer, but given her beliefs, she'd probably just rise from the dead as an immortal corpse-turned-supermodel and then she'd be writing that shit forever. So I say no more.

I'm calling a moratorium on vampires. From this point, anyone who uses the word in any context will be beaten to death with a string of garlic. Find a new target for your supernatural teen

sexual metaphors, you creepy people. Werewolves? No thanks. Ooh, lycanthropy is so scary and intriguing and rare and give me a fucking break here. Werewolves were old hat by the '30s; any use of them now is just an excuse for several million movie watchers to ogle the chiseled, rippled, unbelievably sexy abdominal muscles of a 17-year-old actor ... sorry, I drifted off for a second there. What were we talking about?

You know what we need? Some supernatural creature that hasn't been fetishized over in book, movie, CD, or interactive sex toy form. I vote for centaurs. Half man, half horse, all attitude. Plus, have you ever heard the expression "hung like a horse?" Of course you have — you don't look particularly retarded. The point is, the right half is equine, if you get what I'm saying. And what I'm saying is that you could fuck the centaurs, because their penises would be unusually large. I'm sorry to have to spell this out, but hey, consider my target audience here. You could probably worry less about being bitten during the act, unless, you know, you're into that. Are you? Are you? (I am).

So until these mighty stallions trample like herds of glorious sunrises into the eyes and arms of movie viewers, I don't think any of us will be truly happy. Send the bloodsuckers back to the twilight zone — it's time to drool over something else.

Stephen Harper wins Polaris Prize



muzakperv-eew

Stephen Harper

Getting high with a little help from his friends
Until another pointless election is called
\$ No moar artz fundin'

SHAMON YAKKITY YAK
Who's bad?

Bill Clinton did it. Carla Bruni did it. And now Canadian PM Stephen Harper is doing it — using music to increase his seckz appeal. While Paul Martin spent his time fending off opposition attacks during the Sponsorship Scandal and Jean Chretien was focused obsessively on promoting national unity, Harper has managed to tackle the recession, fail at stabilizing Afghanistan, and — most importantly — win the Polaris Prize.

I met up with Harper and his home-boys at the Peter's Drive-In parking lot in north central Calgary, just off the Trans-Canada Trail. As we chugged some marshmallow milkshakes, I asked him about the complaints some other Canadian artists have raised about his Polaris Prize win — namely, the fact that the Prize is awarded annually to the Canadian artist with the best full-length

record, and so far, Harper has just been travelling coast to coast with Yo-Yo Ma performing a single-song set consisting of the Beatles' cover "With a Little Help From My Friends." Pointing out that Harper has spent more time at his "concerts" bashing the opposition parties and making fun of Layton's Stalin-stache than actually performing, cynics have charged that the PM is really just using the concerts as a sly way for the Conservatives to use Canadian Heritage funds for a political campaign.

Harper, however, shrugged off the criticism.

"Have you actually heard the shit that gets cultural grants from the Canadian government?" an incredulous Harper explained. "Nickelback is Canadian. Stereos are Canadian. Hollywood Undead sounds Canadian. Canadian music sucks; I'm the only decent musical genius north of the 49th parallel."

I couldn't help but notice the awkward angle at which the tour bus had been "parked." The front left wheel was perched awkwardly on the steps of the burger joint, while the right wheels were spinning and held a foot in the air on the other side. The bus looked like it was about to fall on its side. I indicated the predicament to Harper, and he explained with a laugh that "Rah-Heem, the Big Jaff, was just having one of those days."

"We were having some drinks on the

way down from Saskatoon. Me and Pete McKizzay can really get the party going, and Big Jaff just couldn't stand the rest of us having a good time without him, so I figured, what the hell, it's not like he has a GDL license, so why not let him have a few drinks?"

Seeing my shocked look, Harper assured me that, while "getting high with a little help from his friends," he had personally seen the former MP "take that primo shit like a champ" and had no concerns about his former back-bencher practicing the lost art of DUI; Jaff had done enough good work encouraging young people to avoid drugs that he was allowed a bit of leeway and "mellow time."

As for the Polaris gala, Harper says he knew he was going to win all along. I thanked the PM for his time and took off early, hoping to avoid being on the roads at the same time as his bus.

Fortunately for Harper, at the award show later that night, he learned that he had beat out Fucking Myself's new album *Solitude*; Holy Fuck's *Missionary*; Fuck Da Police's *TazerFun*; and Mothers I'd Like To Fuck's latest, *Sara Paylin*.

"Fuck that," a bitter Harper was later heard telling his aids. "I'm still cutting all funding for the arts. All the arts! Except mine."

The Prime Minister's office later refused to confirm or deny whether the Prime Minister was serious.

Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, now in 10-D

futureview

A Tale of Two Cities 10-D

Directed by James Cameron
Starring All Possible Universes Folded Together, God, and the voice of Morgan Freeman

Opens in some universes at a point in space-time already fully determined and realized

PANTS HARDICK
Stop calling me the evil one

If the English department didn't have enough to complain about regarding film adaptations of Dickens' work, a new film from director James Cameron will have the Physics department theoretically hooting in excitement. *A Tale of Two Cities* hasn't been adapted in over 50 years, but Cameron realized it would take a revolution in cinematic presentation to retell the classic tale.

"I'm a pioneer of film technology. Although 3-D is hot shit now, with new advancements in theoretical physics, we can push the envelope forward in

terms of storytelling and presentation. I love the Ronald Colman adaptation of the book, but in 10-D, there are no longer the limitations that existed 70 years ago. The new film is so powerful that several cameramen actually lost control of their bowels while filming it," Cameron says.

Cameron originally wanted to make this film in the 1990s, but delayed it due to the lack of conclusive work on string theory.

"I had to do a lot of my own research. I went back to school, got my master's and PhD in theoretical physics. *Avatar* was going to be my thesis project, but I realized I could do more and decided that a film told solely through the 10th dimension would make for the most powerful expression of theoretical reality."

At first, the film was intended to exist in only seven dimensions, which could be described as all possible realities within our universe, or more simply, infinity. Cameron quickly realized while writing the screenplay that infinity was only the beginning. Our universe's infinity, conceptualized as a point, could be connected

to another, different infinity in which the laws of that universe are very different from our own.

"There aren't really 'actors' in the film in the traditional sense, so much as there are simply possible branches for all the possible timelines of all the possible universes. Once again, this can be treated as a single point. This film's got everything. Think of anything — vagina tornadoes — it's in there. Then think about everything that you can't imagine — a four-sided triangle — also in the film," he says.

"Although *Titantic* was a huge box office success, *A Tale of Two Cities in 10-D* will be the only film that people will want to see, since it contains everything film possible or not possible within it."

Although the film deviates quite a bit from Dickens' original piece, Cameron made sure to keep the original work intact within the film and predicts that the adaptation will be a timeless classic, because, in some of the universes, time does not actually exist. However, it will be up to the audiences to decide if this is a "reality."

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BOOK LAUNCH/GIG/FUNDRAISER featuring the music of: The Southern Pink,
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Starts at 8pm, Pay what you can, suggested donation = \$10
Why: 100% of profits from this event (door and books) go directly to building
Biosand water filters for victims of war in Iraqi refugee camps.

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Getaway A&E:

Making a shitshow of the competition
(and mediocre quarterbacks) since 1910

Jennifer: your hair smells great, call me, k?

homevidreview

Jennifer's body

Directed by Yours Truly
Starring Jennifer Kietzmann, her very
smackable ass, the lovable stalker,
the soundtrack from Mamma Mia!,
Michael Douglas, and Kevin Bacon
(for some reason)
Playing in Tory Lecture and around
campus

I'VAN HARDICK

Knows what side of the bed you sleep on

The problem that has plagued most Hollywood films in the past century is the fact that when you see a film starring a sexy starlet, you know you'll never be able to hit that. So, no matter how much disturbing fan mail I write, or how many ritual sacrifices I make for sexy celebs whilst cutting myself, there's really nothing creepy enough that I could do to make Megan Fox's vagina materialize over my penis. Fortunately, with the release of my next home movie, *Jennifer's body*, I finally have a chance of scoring IRL.

Jennifer is this girl in my economics class. Most importantly, she's a real person that exists in relative proximity to me. I'm talking *smelling* distance, people. Smelling! She usually sits centre in the 12th row, two or three seats in from me. She's so fucking hot — probably a seven or eight on the Richter scale of hotness. Every Tuesday and Thursday I get to class super early just so I can watch her waltz into class, textbooks pressed up against her perky tits. Oh, and her ass! But I'll get *in* that — err, *to* that later.

I don't run off at the end of class either. I wait for her to get up first and then I move into a good stalking distance behind her. Sometimes I follow her for a good half hour or more, depending on what's on TV that night. Although, I can't see her boobs from behind her, it's inconsequential, because she's got an ass



FLARIN' A-HOLE

that does not seem to quit. That ass fucking works overtime and doesn't even mark it down on its timesheet. That ass loves its job, my friend.

But like all great love stories (see *Twilight*), there is a tragic twist of fate. I know I can never be with her, because she keeps telling me that she'd rather wank off a kangaroo than spend even a few seconds blowing my penis. But more importantly, I'm afraid that if we were alone together, I wouldn't be able to control my "animal" urges, which is exactly why I plan to corner her on the third floor of Rutherford (where she usually finds

herself, early Monday mornings) and bite the hell out of that fat ass. I'm not a vampire; I just really like biting.

All in all, on the whole, vis a vis, I would say that *Jennifer's body* is a good time for both men and prepubescent boys. And without giving too much away, I would like to say that our intrepid protagonist does eventually cop a fairly decent feel of her boobies, that is, before her boyfriend's fist connected with my face. But I'm not too sore over it; after all, I'm already planning the sequel: *Jennifer's even hotter, even younger sister's body*.

domesticdispute

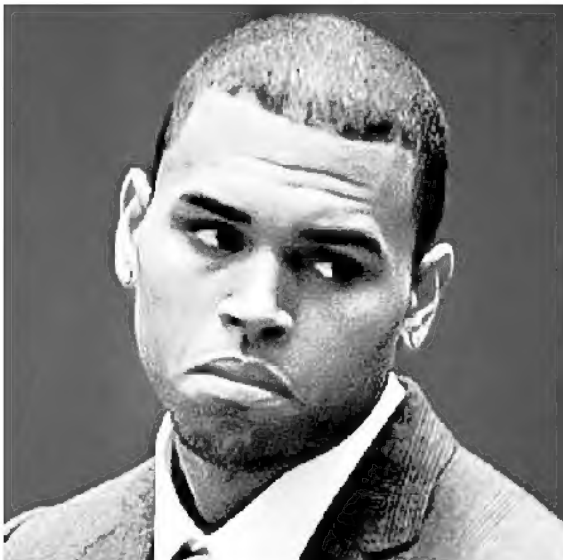
Chris Brown

Chris Brown Introduces:
My Fist to Your Face
Ike Turner Records

Rihanna

Good Girl Gone Bruised
Naivety Records

VS



PRICK BOSS

Completely Fucking Insensitive

Best Opening Text

Brown: "Yo tina, i'mma drop this bitch off at the house, then i'mma meet you l8r boo. Wear that thing that i like wit da hole in da crotch."

Rihanna: "Grrlfrnd, Chris aint himself 2nite, tell the grrls to come over, we'll make mrrgrrritas and watch the notebook lmao."

Advantage: Chris Brown is obviously getting some extra-curricular intercourse on the side, and Rihanna's going home to vent to a group of her angry lady-pals. Proud masculinity versus incessant whining — 15—love Brown.

Best Pleading Lyric

Brown: "I told you, don't be playin' on my phone! Why you gotta be up in my biz-nass?!"

Rihanna: "Who dis Tina grrl?! Why yuh go cheat on meh, nuh? I eh do nuttin ah deserve you poppin' tongue

wit dis gollywog!"

Advantage: A phone is someone's private property and clearly shouldn't be tampered with. Also, Barbajans don't speak proper English — 30—love, Brown.

Most Violent Weapon Of Choice

Brown: Look at it this way — they're duelling outside of Brown's vehicle, so he probably has a Louisville Slugger in the trunk, and a Glock-nine in his glove compartment. Plus, he has two hands that can be cocked into fists.

Rihanna: She has her cell phone. She can probably ... call him to death. Or something.

Advantage: If you can't tell based on those descriptions, I can't help you. 40—love, Brown.

And Now, A Message From T-Pain

T-Pain: "Rihanna, take yo shirt auwf! Take yo shirt auwf! Chris, twist that bitch in the air like a motherfuckin' helicopter! Now answer this: is Auto-Tune really dead? SHAWT-AIEEE!"

Brown: "Faheem! Seriously man, do you mind?! You know Auto-Tune ain't dead. I be sluggin' on ma girl right nah, and I'm tryin'ah concentrate!"

T-Pain: "Sorr-aieeee."

Best Post-Fight Statements

Brown: "I'm willing to get counseling to learn myself. I'm willing to be a man and learn how to control my emotions."

Rihanna: "I actually love and care about him. I want him to do well ... take this as something you had to go through to grow up and learn."

Verdict: Brown — game, set, match.

Judges' Decision

If you've been keeping score at home, I think it's pretty obvious that Rihanna's going to be spending a few weeks out of the public eye. It's pretty hard to win any kind of battle when you're lying low, so Brown triumphantly raises a glass of Dom Perignon to celebrate his beatdown.

WE'RE ALL SCREWED! BEARS LOSE AGAIN!

Forget about Doomsday 2012 — the apocalypse looms large with the Volley-Bears dropping their second game of the season

DICK SAUCE
Undisputed heavyweight douchebag

1. After a compelling and ruthless defeat, trembling before the mighty Wesmen of Winnipeg, lo did the roof of the eHarmony.com Gym burst open and reveal a maelstrom of fire, brimstone, and ferocious lepers, as the once un-vanquishable Golden Bears of volleyball doth suffered their second defeat of the season, 3–2. Lord God, speaketh! The end times are upon us.

2. I saw that Thorice Killiams thus did spike 13 of the 25 Wesmen balls, and I heard, with a roaring thunder-clap, Hades declare unto the Bears' followers that there would be nary a national championship in sight.

3. And behold, a green and gold horse, and he who mounted the beast held in his hands the head of setter Dyke, begotten of the DeCocko clan and said, "Because of your failure to go undefeated, thine subservient followers will suffer! Minions, commence thine fucking up of shit!"

4. To the head coach Berry Danyshmuk of the Golden Bears in Alberta replied dispassionately: "You know, tonight was just one of those nights where Winnipeg made some mistakes, but we made even more. I still think there's areas that this team needs to improve on, and we just gotta continue working hard."

5. When accidentally I kicked open the fourth seal trying to chase down Danyshmuk, three horseman appeared donning white robes. They summoned earthquakes and floods, while the crowd pelted me with Aramark food, ripe with foul pestilence, for fucking up and opening the seal.

6. The Wesmen grew to no less than 20 feet tall, stomping out buildings



M.Y. BUTT

THE FAT LADY IS WARMING UP HER VOCAL CORDS Not to put a downer on your day or anything, but THE WORLD'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE. Thanks Bears.

and parking lots around the eHarmony Gym, while Stenciled Licepenis cowered in a corner, crying furiously and urinating uncontrollably in his volleyball shorts.

7. "Goddamnit, this is all Schmuland's fault! He went to Korea to play professional volleyball and fucked everything up. All our success came from the beard; I don't even play volleyball — I'm a goddamn fine arts

major! How the hell am I supposed to feed my chic-drug habit if our team's poor effort is causing the world to burn to the ground?!"

8. The event staff, the mascots, the superfans, the one or two season ticket holders, and every other person that was overcharged for a varsity volleyball game, hid themselves underneath the bleachers where it smells like mouldy popcorn and raccoon sex.

9. Upon seeing stars fall out of the sky and pentagrams appear above him in an arcane manner, Danyshmuk said, "I mean, this team misses Joel Schmuland, but we have leaders and we have to press on as a team. It's all about continuing to work hard and executing our game plan. Next week should be a good game; we really respect our opponents."

10. If this whole thing blows over,

though unlikely, the Bears will commence battle with the Cougars of Regina. Should another loss occur, all of civilization shalt join the ranks of the damned, to be engulfed in hellfire. The righteous amongst the ranks of thine ursine hockey squadrons shall be spared, but lo! Thoust who have brought suffering to mine Volley-Bears shalt suffer the torments of eternal damnation!

By the beard of Zeus, Favre retires from NFL to play for Golden Bears

Brett "Wrangler jeans" Favre has decided to chase his true dream — a chance to capture a Vanier Cup with the Green and Gold

LARRY MELROSE
Grease that mullet, good sir

After a successful career at the NFL level, Brett Favre announced his retirement from the league for the 17th time this weekend following his Vikings beating the Chicago Bears. Favre made the stunning announcement Sunday night, but vowed his career wasn't, or was, or wasn't over.

"I just wanted to go out on top, and look like a total bonehead one more time for all the fans out there," Favre said following the game. "What else would they expect?"

"I was totally pulling your legs when I made it sound like I actually wanted to play an entire season."

In a stunning turn of events, Fairly Sneezin, head coach of the Golden Bears d'Alberta fooseball squad, made his way to the microphone after entering the media room through a smoke-machine-and-laser-light-show entrance, while that song from *The Karate Kid* blared from the room's admittedly overpowered speakers.

"I'm here to announce Brett's intention to attend the U of A. Brett brings great fundamentals to the field, and

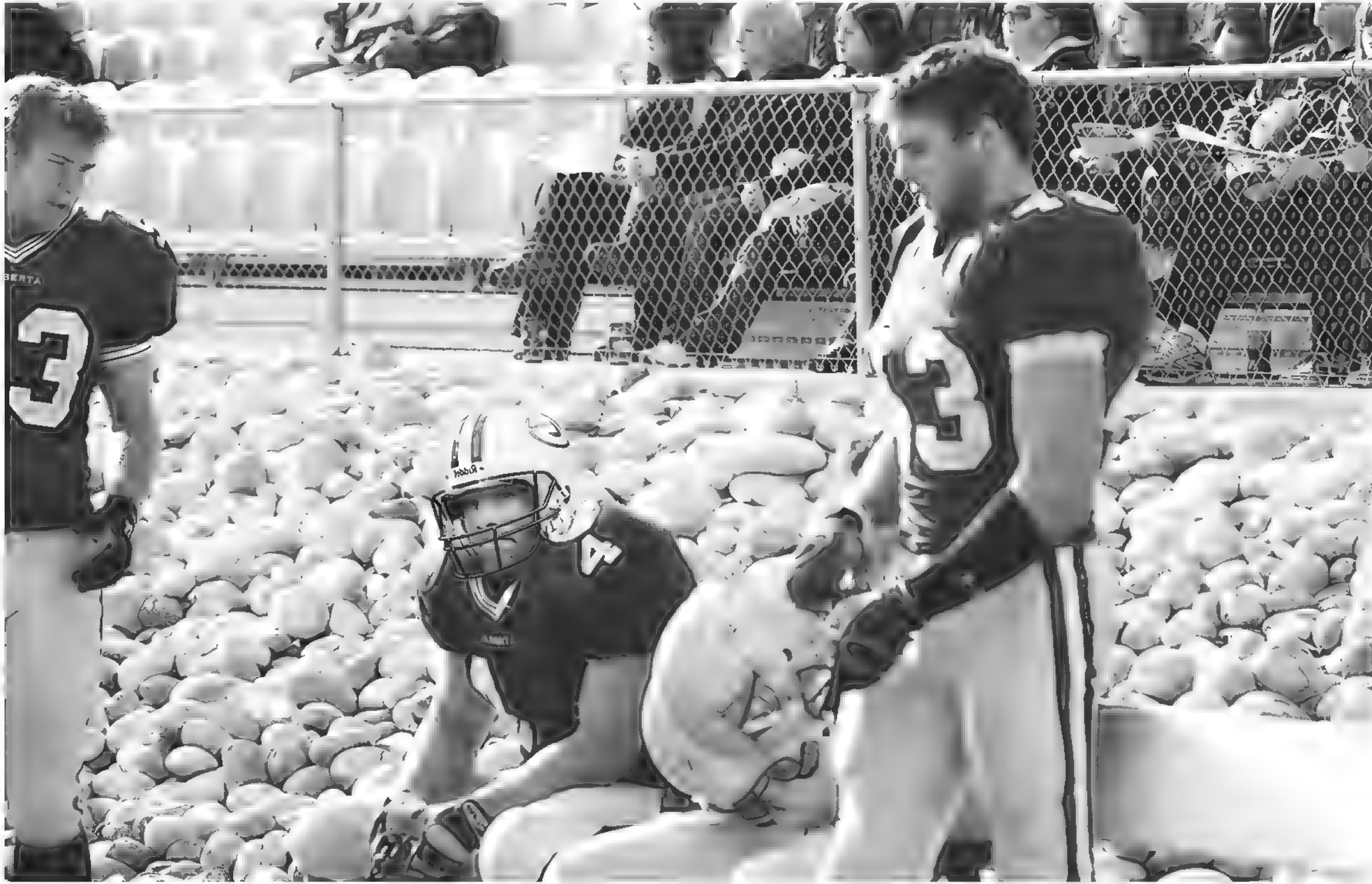
if he throws the ball to our receivers in the endzone, that means it'll be a touchdown," Sneezin said.

After the initial shock from learning that football exists in Canada wore off, the media tore into Favre and Sneezin for the bizarre turn of events, but did ask what Favre's role would be north of the border.

"Well, Canadian football is a different game," Sneezin explained. "We have ... wait, I know this ... nine — no, 10 extra yards. So it's harder to execute fundamentals. There's a fundamental difference, because if you try and play four downs up north, you'll get shit-canned quicker than a Dolphins running back on the reefer."

"Brett's gotta learn the fundamentals before he can play. The game's got different fundamentals. The field is wider, the ball has stripes on it, and he's gotta learn to execute. He's a gunslinger, no doubt, but he's got to learn why my balls are bigger before we throw him into the fire. It also wouldn't hurt if someone told him that our pigskins are larger, too."

When asked how Favre still had collegiate eligibility after years of NFL experience, Sneezin pointed to past precedents set in the CIS.



BENCHED

SHOULDN'T IT BE Brett Favre sitting, waiting, hoping, pleading to get into the game and be a gunslinger for the Bears.

"Manitoba played a guy last year who was like 45 years old and hadn't played for years after a doping ban. Do you really think we can't get away with this for at least a few games? We'll pack the stands, sell Favre jerseys, bobbleheads, lunch-boxes — it's going to solve our school's budget shortfall," Sneezin pointed out.

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GETAWAY SPORTS CONQUEST OF THE WEEK



The Montreal Alouettes man-handled and utterly destroyed the Saskatchewan Roughriders over the weekend to capture the Grey Cup in front of six Als fans. The win was thanks in large part to the Als' coach Marc Trestman's under-the-radar trick play, in which an Alouette dressed like a Roughrider hid in the back of the endzone to draw a "too many men on the field" penalty against Saskatchewan. The penalty resulted in a last-second, game winning field goal for Canada's eighth favourite CFL team. If you want to celebrate this historic victory, head east, because no one outside of Montreal cheers for the Als.

GETAWAY SPORTS:
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sporting leagues since 1910

Kate Hudson lifted A. Rod to greatness



A.
ROD

Dick
Commentary

Hideki Matsui, I got a message for you: step your ass aside and go choke on some noodles or something. The *real* MVP of the 2009 World Series is Kate Hudson.

Now, I know that the early '90s fire sale was an economic one, and the moves since can all be linked to the financial state of the team during the NHL's big-spending days of the late '90s. But, that doesn't explain the recent influx of players leaving this little river town for bigger and better things. Well I'll tell you why: Kevin Lowe is a wuss. There I said it.

I know you all think Matsui deserves the trophy — which looks like a goddamn spiral staircase, mind you — but from personal experience, I can tell you that all he deserves is a bad case of the clap. Without Kate, I wouldn't have been able to put the "umph" in my swing. Before and after every game, she'd polish my wooden exterior to get it in prime condition to hit some shit long and hard. I'd see her in the crowd winkin' at me and I'd grow big — big and strong

to pound those balls. Every time I let fly into a crowd, it leaves her aching for more.

After years of illegal drug use, Kate has been the only one able to stimulate me, to get the blood flowin'. A-Roid's been busy collecting undeserved accolades, but I'm down here slowly shriveling every day. I used to be comparable to the likes of Ron Jeremy or Barry White, but now I'm closer to that of fucking Gary Coleman. Every time A-Roid takes those pills, I shrink down like Mario after a koopa shell to the face.

**Tiger Woods deserves
the benefit of the doubt
no matter how many
people he supposedly
killed.**

I was lonely for so long, and all I ask for is a little sugar. Cynthia was okay at best, but A-Roid left her for Madonna's bearded clam, which has been beat up more than Chuck Knoblauch's wife. After a while, you get bored of the same woman. I mean, Cynthia's great, and we even posed in the 2004 Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition. But that was it. A-Roid got tired of her and had to move on.

Madonna was a risk that didn't pay

off. I had no confidence in '08, which resulted in A-Roid's cold streak and the Yankees missing the playoffs. He was cold, I was cold — and Madge's pink taco was still a fucking train wreck. There was no action, so his game dropped, just like me.

Kate got it hot again, though, and that's why the MVP should be hers. I was able to rise up because of her. Every day I'd see stare her down, eye to eyes. She was in her prime, and did what Viagra and Cialis couldn't. If Kate hadn't been there, we would have lost to those butt-fucking Twins from Minnie.

But what happens when she gets too old for me? Who comes next? She dumped Owen Wilson and that long-haired hippie that sings for the Black Crowes, and then it'll be me.

Maybe Rihanna? Maybe Britney? Selena Gomez? Demi Lovato? I've always been intrigued by Miley. As Biggie Smalls said, I like 'em young, fresh, and green. They'll be old enough in two years. I could still do it, I guess.

Jeter can. So why can't I? Derek's been doing this for years, and it's worked. Jessica, Scarlett, Mariah. He ain't bigger than me, but he does it with ease.

Rihanna can play first. Britney on second. Miley at third. I'll hit a home run and hit 'em all as I round the bases.

They can play wherever they want. As long as they're there, I'll be good, and A-Roid will hit.

Let's just sign 'em all.

balloonboy

Compiled by Oscar M. Weiner

Crosby a communist

Canada's hockey hopes at the Olympics took a huge hit this past week as Sidney Crosby received his Russian citizenship, so that he could play for the Russians in Vancouver come February.

Evgeni Malkin and Sergei Gonchar have convinced "Sid the Kid" to come play with them this spring by telling him that Canadian GM Steve Yzerman had been overheard calling Sid the "second best" player he'd seen next to Wayne Gretzky.

"Second best!? That's just crackers! That's plain nonsense! My mom tells me I'm the best every morning and she could put Steve Yzerman into a coma!" Crosby said when he spoke to the media.

Yzerman has expressed bewilderment as to who overheard him say "second best." He didn't consider that the official from the Russian Hockey Federation who came to talk to him could've possibly had his fingers crossed behind his back when he promised that what they said would never leave the room.

Weis wants hot dogs

Disgraced former Notre Dame football head coach Charlie Weis has reportedly joined the ranks of Takeru Kobayashi and Joey Chestnut on the professional hot-dog eating circuit.

Weis, whose estimated weight puts him somewhere between a small asteroid and an oil tanker, has finally accomplished something he could never do while at Notre Dame — top the rankings.

After a half decade of flat out sucking at N.D., Weis will make his competitive eating debut this weekend at the 37th annual Fat Man Twinkie Classic in Chicago. Weis enters the competition as the heavy favourite (pun intended).

Weis, while inexperienced will go in as the front runner when he goes head-to-head against the world's best.

Former world number-one Joey Chestnut said he won't be taking the newcomer lightly.

"How can I take a 900-pound man



SIBERIAN CAT POOP

HE'S A COMMIE! Sid "the Communist Manifesto kid" is playing for Russia in Vancouver where he will join fellow countrymen as they fight the capitalist pigs.

lightly?" Chestnut asked.

"I have my work cut out for me to reclaim number-one in the world. The man obviously enjoys eating his feelings."

Action gets underway Saturday at noon, and will be telecast live on DBTV.

Torch bearers club baby seals

Due to the cold temperatures in Eastern Canada and the northern territories, the Olympic torch has blown out over 10 times now during its relay, forcing Canadian officials to scramble to find a fuel with a flame that could withstand the harsh conditions of the Canadian winter. After consulting with east-coast fishermen, the Canadian delegation decided to use blubber from baby seals to fuel the torch.

After getting a special exemption to kill local baby harp seals, they extricated the blubber and the experiment began. So far the test has produced great results as the flame has yet to blow out.

Torch bearer Hulk Logan said, "Now the light just keeps on burning brother! I can go right into the Valley of Death with some light and not just my 20-inch pythons brotherrrrr!" as he posed with the torch.

Vancouver 2010 official Bob Roberts was practically gleeful when he was talking about the new energy source. "It hasn't failed us yet, and it's much cheaper than any oil-based fuels since these maritime fishermen are just happy to be making any money."

After he'd finished laughing at his joke, Roberts introduced Seamus O'Malley, the Newfoundland fisherman who heads the group that worked with Olympic officials in finding an easy fix to the problem. Through a Newfie-to-English translator, he explained why he recommended baby seal blubber.

"First of all, there's too many of the damn things. I'm out there trying to catch fish to feed my goddamn three wives and 17 children, and those bastards eat them right off my line! If we don't start killing them off now, when they learn to walk on land, they're going to eradicate every last person as revenge for all the seals we've killed over the years. They'll be more dangerous than a million O... Simpsons!"

The interview session ended at that point. As you'd expect, there's outrage from groups such as PETA and WWF about this new fuel and killing of baby seals. The most vocal fury emanating from within Canada is coming from our nation's self-appointed seal protector, Amela Panderson, who said "The only thing blubber-type substances should be filling is my much-needed breast implants, which are always in shortage!"

Why, indeed.

This story will continue to grow until February when the torch enters B.C. Place to signal the beginning of the Olympics.

Cha-ching: U of A sells Main Gym naming rights to eHarmony.com

Gregg Boehner spearheaded the campaign to put eHarmony.com on the map

BEN DOVER
Cue the Barry Manilow music

In an attempt to accumulate more funds to pay off the University of Alberta's \$59-million deficit, the University board of governors has agreed to sell the naming rights of the Main Gym to become the eHarmony.com Gym.

"There was no way we wanted the students to have to dig deep and pay for our financial shortfalls, so we looked at our options, and eHarmony made us an offer we could not refuse," President Samdira Insekera explained.

The exact terms of the agreement between the University of Alberta and eHarmony.com have yet to be disclosed, but it is believed to be in the area of \$24 million over four years and will come into effect on January 4, 2010.

In an exclusive interview with eHarmony president Gregg Boehner, he revealed the reasoning behind the online dating website's decision to try and associate its name with the University's athletic programs.

"We see this as another growing point for our company, but also for postsecondary students looking to squeeze more out of their university experience. Whether cheering on the Pandas or the Bears, we want the fans to enjoy repeated intimate experiences with one another on a weekly basis."

"The athletes should also benefit from this arrangement, and thus we expect numerous relationships to be hashed between athletes and fans over the coming years," Boehner pointed out.



MARY FESTIVUS

HOT DATE AT DA DOME eHarmony wants to find that creepy companion you've always been looking for with a free trial membership starting in 2010.

eHarmony.com will also be giving free one-month memberships for every fan who attends any Bears or Pandas home game during the month of January. Athletes will also receive free memberships to the online dating community. These memberships will be for three months in duration, but will only allow them to view compatible profiles, and not message prospective mates. Boehner said that this policy has been instituted after an incident that occurred in 2006 surrounding Duke University's lacrosse team.

The name change of the Butterdome has many students and student athletes — especially the single white males — jumping right out of their jock straps.

"Just think of all the horny college chicks I'll be able to get with! Oh, it's going to be divine, and make the next three years bearable," one ecstatic engineering student exclaimed. "I want to be the first in line to purchase a ticket for the next Pandas basketball game."

There has also been negative reactions from those opposed to the name change, but those against are clearly in the minority.

Students and athletes alike are planning parades to express their thanks to eHarmony.com for giving them the chance to conjure up the courage to ask the sexy stranger they always see at athletics events out on a cheap date.

We're going to the Vanier, douche bags!

DYKE MEDKRICK
Barbara Walters' pen pal

In a bizarre and unprecedented turn of events, the University of Alberta Golden Bears soccer team has qualified for the CIS football final against the Calgary Dinos, overturning last week's victory by Queen's University.

The "continental crossover" rule was unearthed this past weekend by CIS statistician Ron Lindt while doing research for an unrelated report. The news has come as a surprise to the Bears, who finished their own season with a respectable silver-medal win in the CIS men's soccer final.

"It's shocking, yeah. But it's definitely a welcome second chance for our boys," said Bears soccer head coach Gem Snickety.

"It's not like any rule I've ever heard of before, and frankly, it seems a bit hokey to me. But no matter what brand of football we're playing, we'll take the chance to show our opponents that we can dominate the field."

Continental crossover was first proposed in 1922 at the FIFA level during the international league's first major evaluation and overhaul of their official rulebook. Suggested by American football legend Bradbury Robinson in an attempt to improve relations between American and European athletes, the idea was shot down as being "fucking retarded" by most FIFA officials. The rule concept was not resurrected until 1947, when a post-war CIS started to explore various options to improve dismal attendance at home games.

"The original idea was initially so



BOBE PIKE

OMG! FOOTBALL Bears soccer look to bring glory back to U of A on gridiron.

unpopular that Robinson was barred entry to most European nations — Luxembourg even tried to have him extradited from the States so they could draw and quarter him, and teach him how real blokes play footie," Lindt explained.

"When university students across Canada started flocking away from varsity sports, being drawn instead to social dance clubs and opium dens, CIS brought the idea back, and passed it almost unanimously."

However, as Lindt detailed, the rule has seen little use since its inception. Not wanting to dabble too heavily in two sports that already benched rosters of rabid, steroid-addled athletes,

the continental crossover has only been invoked once prior to this year, in the legendary showdown between the Laval Rouge et Or and the now-defunct University of Vancouver Chinamen.

"Trust me, it meant something completely different back then," Lindt chuckled, motioning suggestively to his loins.

But regardless of coherence or legality, the Bears are ready to face their provincial rivals in a match that's sure to be one for the ages.

"It's going to be a real barn-burning slobber-knocker between a bunch of guys that are tougher than a two-dollar steak," Snickety boasted.

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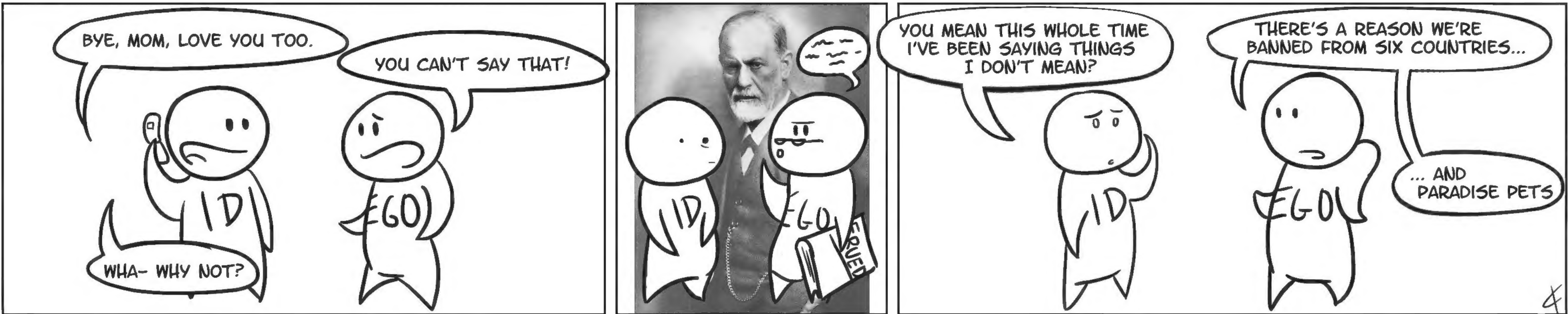
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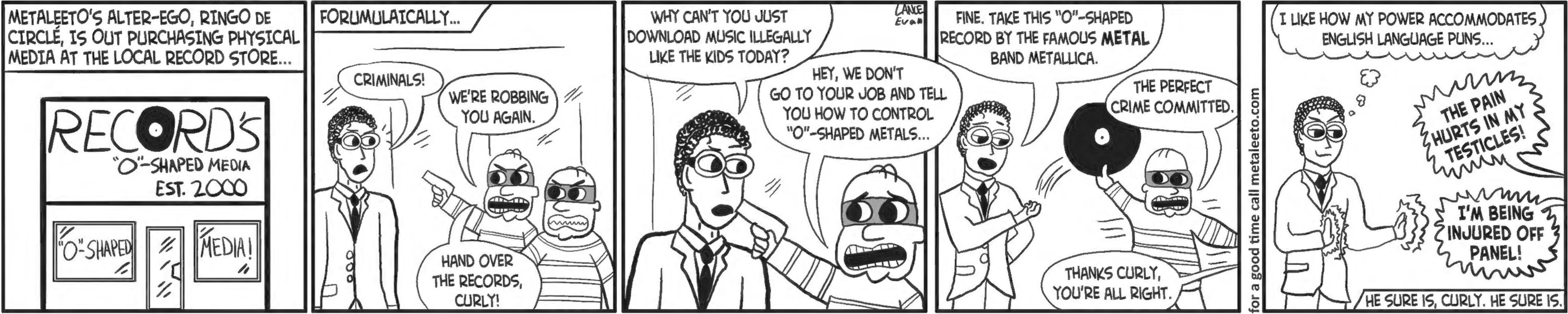
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THE GREATEST LOVE STORY

15 signs you’re dating an abuser, probably

named Edward Cullen: Has he ever: Looked at you or acted in ways that scare you? Controlled what you do, who you see or talk to, or where you go? (ex. forbidden you from seeing your werewolf friends?) Made all of the decisions? Acted like the abuse is no big deal, it’s your fault, or even deny doing it? Threatened to commit suicide? Threatened to kill you? Was it on your first date? Has he ever tried to isolate you from family or friends? Does he damage property when angry? Has he thrown you through a glass table? Abandoned you in a dangerous or unfamiliar place? Scared you by driving recklessly? Forced you to leave your home? Prevented you from calling police or seeking medical attention? Views women as objects and believes in rigid gender roles. Accuses you of cheating or is often jealous of your outside relationships? If any of these signs apply to your relationship you should run immediately. This man is not only a dangerous bastard, but also probably a blood-sucking vampire no matter how many abstinence metaphors he spews. Mind you, if you try to run he’ll probably just start stalking you. Vampires are know to do things like that. Sounds like you’re fucked. Call Buffy Summers and beg her to forgive your dumb ass. She’s your only hope.

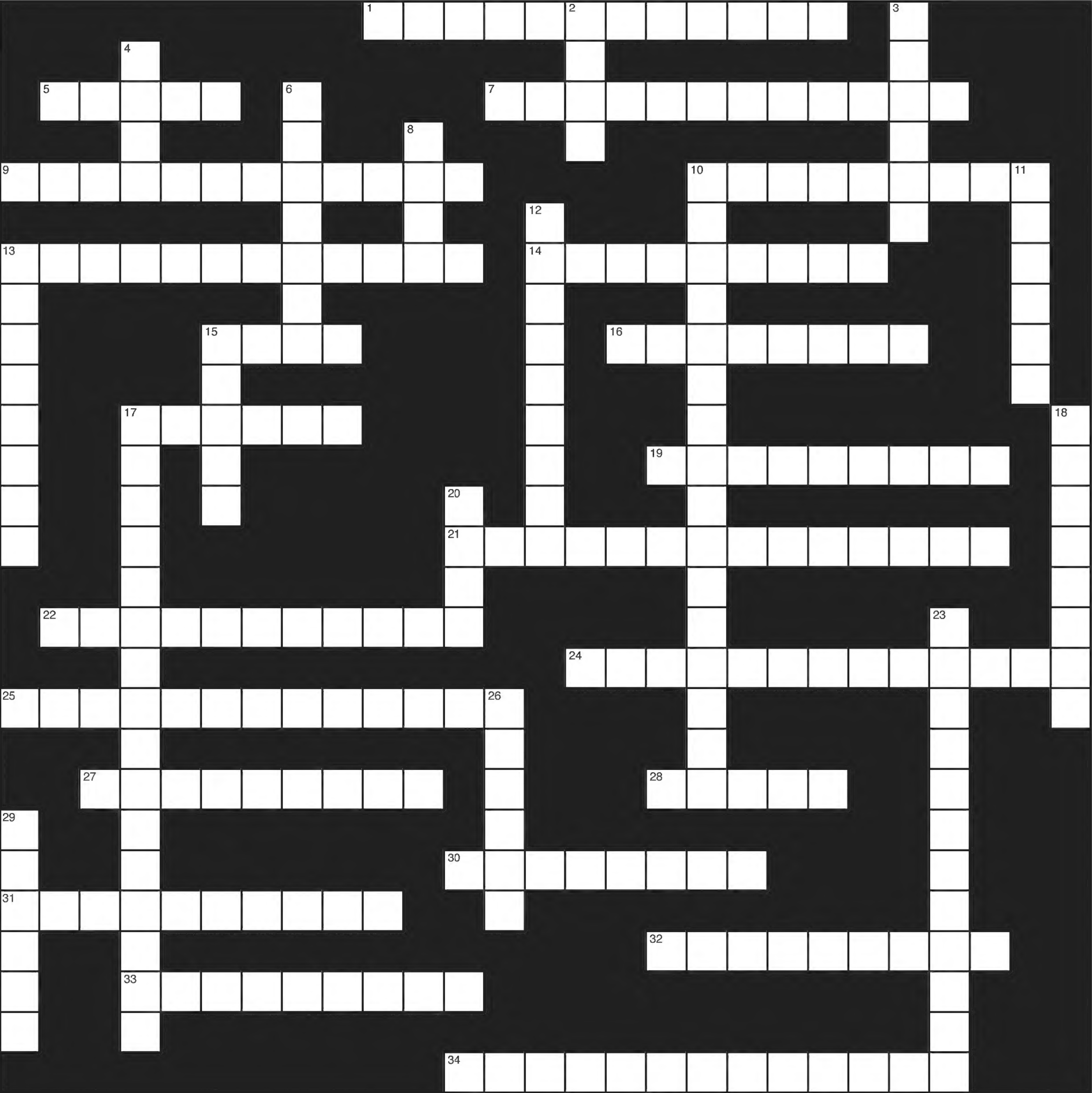
crassword

Wangs Ahoy!

The Crassword runs one time only with the answer available at www.thegetawayonline.ca

Across

- 1. Euphemism derived from an ancient stick used to document numbers
- 5. Pink Floyd lyric: “Okay, just a little pin _____.”
- 7. Nickname of Montreal Canadiens legend Henri Richard
- 9. American fast-food chain named after a spring-loaded toy
- 10. Newfoundland community on the Baie Verte Peninsula
- 13. The anaconda that slithers deep in the jungles of your underwear
- 14. Bicycle part that keeps it standing upright
- 15. Vera, known for designing wedding dresses
- 16. Opening track from Tenacious D’s 2001 self-titled album “now fuckin’ get it on!”
- 17. A suitable alternative to pepperoni, or what an Italian guy calls his penis
- 19. Zoidberg receives this from Robot Santa in *Futurama*’s “Xmas Story.”
- 21. What the neighbourhood kids might call a Cyclops who delivers milk to their doorsteps
- 22. Frankfurter served with ketchup, mustard, and extra pubes
- 24. Nickname of Pyotr Alexeyevich Romanov, who evidently ruled over Russia with an iron penis
- 25. A penis that disturbs the organ that facilitates the breathing process
- 27. The weapon Zorro would use to carve his signature, if it were made of glazed ham
- 28. Title character and bad mother-shut-your-mouth of ’70s blaxploitation TV series
- 30. Type of controller used for the Atari 2600
- 31. Frozen treat with orange ice on the outside and vanilla on the inside
- 32. Harry Potter realized he couldn’t perform spells with his penis, so he switched to this tool
- 33. An effective mat technique in Greco-Roman wrestling
- 34. Knife you’d use to chop through



the bones of an animal that builds dams

Down

- 2. The part of a candle that gets lit
- 3. Dachshunds are more commonly known as this
- 4. Short-form version of the name Richard
- 6. Surname shared by U.S. president

- Lyndon and *Nash Bridges* star Don 8. “And Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spake, the _____ crew.” —Luke 22:60
- 10. Late-’70s General Motors spokesman who assures you that your car will be fixed right and on time
- 11. Vancouver-based rapper Prevail is a Swollen _____

- 12. Blowing this “wood”wind instrument won’t produce any noise, but rather a face full of spunk
- 13. The Belmont Stakes is the _____ of horse racing’s Triple Crown
- 15. 1993 film about a disobedient whale, *Free _____*
- 17. The answer is “steaming hot kanga”—just put it. Also, what the fuck is “kanga”?
- 18. What a Yiddish-speaking fellow

- puts in a woman’s *knish* when he’s *shtoothing* her
- 20. *Sixteen Candles*: “_____, where is my automobile?”
- 23. Not a “nook hunter,” but someone who similarly hunts in other narrow crevasses
- 26. *Super Troopers*: “Say car _____!”
- 29. Woody Wood _____ (Ha! Woody.)

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